

# The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

*The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow*

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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## THE GREAT FAMILY AT WHIPSNADE

See  
Pages  
8 and 9

### WHAT IS A NANSEN PASSPORT?

#### PRECIOUS PIECE OF PAPER

#### The Road To Happiness For a Million Homeless

#### GOLDEN DEED OF THE LEAGUE

*What is a Nansen Passport? asked one of our magistrates the other day.*

*It is a pity that it should not be known to every magistrate and to every citizen, for it is one of the noblest scraps of paper in the world.*

*The magistrate was told that it is a passport for people without a country, and this is what it is.*

A million refugees in Europe today are denied the right to live, the Norwegian President of the Nansen Office for Refugees tells us, and steps must be taken to render their condition tolerable before the work of his Office is brought to a close in 1938, as is at present the plan.

#### Need of Goodwill

These people are Russians, Armenians, Assyrians, Jews, and Saarlanders who find life intolerable in their own lands, but have no assured right to live anywhere else. They cannot go back, they cannot go forward; if they may not stay where they are, what are they to do?

The problem, we are told by the President of the Nansen Office (Judge Hansson), is not insoluble, but its solution presupposes goodwill in Europe. It is the task of his Office, which works as a part of the League of Nations, to secure this goodwill, as far as refugees are concerned.

Meanwhile the Nansen Office has done a much-needed work in summarising the exact disabilities under which these million homeless ones exist in the many lands where they have found a temporary foothold. We can imagine a historian a hundred years from now reading this document with a feeling of revulsion and horror for the barbarism of this age.

#### No Right To Work

In answer to the question *What are the conditions under which refugees can earn a living?* we read, for example, that Russian refugees in Germany can only obtain a permit to work after a ten-years residence. In Bulgaria they are debarred from employment in a great number of enterprises, and must in any case secure a worker's permit, renewable every six months, which is most difficult to obtain. Danzig flatly forbids certain sorts of refugees to work at all. No refugee may work in Turkey unless he has been naturalised. A work card in Rumania may only be had for a high fee.

The situation of refugees in Germany is complicated by the dossier of papers

### In the Holy Land of Hope



JEWISH REFUGEES IN PALESTINE

they must keep in order—a passport, a permit-to-reside, and a permit-to-work. These have to be renewed every year, usually at different dates, and after two or three months of waiting. The situation in France is no better.

In answer to the question *What are the reasons for the expulsion of refugees?* France gives a long list, while Greece and Estonia say proudly that refugees are not expelled at all.

If a refugee in France has not the money to pay the tax on his identity card and takes employment to earn it without having a working permit he may be expelled. In the absence of a visa to travel to another country he has nowhere to go and is put into prison for not obeying the expulsion order. He serves his term, comes out, and is put in again because he is still in France!

*This ludicrous performance can go on indefinitely, at the taxpayer's expense, helping no one, accomplishing nothing.*

In short, the plight of the refugees is in every way tragic, and it is the work

of the Nansen Office to make it less so and to end their unhappiness before 1938. To this end Norway and France are issuing special postage stamps to aid the work, and Judge Hansson hopes other countries will do the same; while every time the refugees have their Nansen passports stamped they pay a fee toward colonisation schemes.

Colonisation sounds like a vague word, but to the writer's mind it brings up a picture of one of the most successful ventures ever undertaken to plant hope in the field of despair, the construction of 5400 delightful small houses in 37 communities in Greece, and the establishment there of thousands of homeless refugees, who are not only supporting themselves but paying off the debt incurred in building their bungalows.

The achievements of Greece in meeting her refugee problem have been a remarkable example to other countries. If political and religious persecution were to cease tomorrow all these homeless folk could return to their homelands.

### THE MINERS WHO FORGOT THEIR TROUBLES

#### A Tale From the West Country

High up on a hillside in Monmouthshire, above the small mining town of Six Bells, stands a building which is a living witness to faith and hope, for so very much more than bricks and mortar have brought it into being.

A little over a year ago a group of the older unemployed miners, distressed at the plight of the youths in their midst, gallantly forgot their own troubles and devised a plan to get hold of a piece of waste land on the hillside and make a club centre.

Having acquired the site, they collected enough money to buy a derelict omnibus. Then, all shoulders to the wheel, they heaved it up the precipitous hillside and set it in a sunny position overlooking the valley.

#### Cheerful Little Clubroom

Next they proceeded to fit it up with lighting and heating apparatus and turned it into a cheerful little clubroom. Two rules were hung on the walls: No Gambling, No Bad Language. What matter that the seating accommodation was limited? They could take it in turns to sit down!

One day a Blue Pilgrim came to stay in a miner's home on the opposite side of the valley, and quickly shared in the joy and thrill of this adventure. The men were proud to show her the foundations of a permanent building already laid, lacking only the materials for construction.

The Pilgrim sent out an SOS to the Welsh branch of the National Council of Social Service, which lost not a moment in replying. "Shall be with you at 3 p.m.," they wired, and at three o'clock all eyes were at the bus windows, scanning the distant road across the valley for a car.

#### Six Bells

It came; the representative of the Council saw the courage, the initiative which had created this centre. He took a seat in the bus and the men clustered round him. They drew up, a building scheme and estimated costs, and not long afterwards the materials arrived, and in a very short time a well-built club stood on the hillside with a terraced garden beneath.

On opening day a poster arrived representing Six Bells ringing vigorously against a background of blue sky and white clouds. Each bell bore a name, and the complete chime was:

*Love, Hope, Courage,  
Joy, Peace, Goodwill.*

Now the poster is up in the clubroom, and every man knows that the six foundations of this happy place are firmer supports than all the bricks.

## THE GROWING HOPE OF BETTER DAYS

### GERMANY'S PLAN FOR PEACE

#### Ready To Build Up a New Security For Europe

#### THE PAST AND THE FUTURE

Time is the friend of Peace. It is for the nations of Europe to use it well.

That is the feeling that will move most people in this country on reading the German Reply to the proposals of the Locarno Powers. The reply is based on the broad conception the C N has laid down consistently—that the future is more important than the past, and that a secure peace can only be based on a spirit of understanding and equality between all nations.

We give below a summary of the reply itself, which must lead to long negotiations in which time will be on the side of friendliness and reconciliation.

#### The Work of Reconciliation

The German Government regrets that it cannot accept the proposals as they are because it does not find in them the spirit of understanding and equality which is necessary for all free treaties. It will in all circumstances maintain its freedom, but will cooperate with all its might in the work of reconciliation.

As to the Rhineland occupation, the German Government declares that the forbidding of troops there was in itself a breach of the obligations of the Allies at the time of the Armistice; and it asks if there ever was a nation, or ever can be, which would renounce its sovereign rights to defend its own territory.

As to the Franco-Russian Pact, it cannot agree to refer this point to The Hague Court, because such a court can only settle the legal side and not the political; and in any case it belongs to the past and has been judged by the Locarno Council itself.

#### Goal of European Diplomacy

Germany declares that she has no intention of ever attacking France or Belgium, and even if she had the colossal defences of France would make it senseless. Therefore it cannot understand the idea of Staff Talks.

The German Government then goes on to ask to what goal European diplomacy is tending. Is it to divide nations into free peoples and fettered peoples, ruled by past events and majority decisions, or is there to be an equality of all nations, striving for a lasting and secure Peace? Germany can only accept this peaceful policy, and she will do it with "the whole of the sincere will and yearning of her people."

#### The German Proposals

Therefore the German Government proposes that there should be three periods for the building up of better things in Europe. The first period should be one of four months for the calming of the atmosphere and preparing for negotiations; the second the period of negotiations; the third a Conference for agreeing on a Peace Plan and on Disarmament.

During negotiations Germany would accept an International Commission to see that no menacing change took place on the frontiers. As for the Peace Conference, its sole purpose should be to draw up agreements for the social happiness and economic prosperity of the nations.

Germany is willing to enter into an Air Pact to bring aerial warfare into the moral and humane atmosphere which would protect non-combatants. She suggests that disarmament should take place by a series of conferences on single subjects. She is willing to come back to the League at once in the hope that the question of colonies and the separation of the League from the Versailles Treaty

## WAR AND THE SUGAR POT

### We Can Now Grow One Lump in Four

#### ANOTHER FORM OF DEFENCE

The new needs of defence include a great addition to home-grown food, as Britain can no longer rely in war upon sea-borne supplies.

The organisation of the home sugar crop has now reached a point at which we shall be able to produce this year a quarter of the sugar we consume.

We are great eaters of sugar, the consumption of British and imported sugar being over 90 lb per head for every man, woman, and child, nearly two pounds of sugar a week!

The British Sugar Corporation has a capital of £5,000,000, and is a semi-State body with a Government chairman. Contracts have been made for production with some 40,000 farmers who will devote 375,000 acres to sugar-beet. The crops will be bought at fixed prices, as is done with tobacco by the Japanese State tobacco monopoly.

This process of stimulating home consumption with a view to achieving national economic independence is now the aim of every European country.

It is like an addition to "armaments," and is eloquent of the fears which infect every Government today. It is useless, we are told, to mount guns on land or sea unless we are assured of food in war-time. So this paying more for sugar is actually a war expenditure.

## THE WILD BIRDS OF ITALY Victims of a Cruel War

One of the saddest points about sanctions is that Italy has found it necessary to remove the restriction on the killing of wild birds for food.

She has now two meatless days a week, and it is felt that the poor ought not to be prevented from adding birds to their impoverished diet.

Dr Axel Munthe of Capri writes to rejoice in the fact that that island has been specially exempted from the removal of the restriction. The birds of Capri will remain free from molestation. Let us hope Signor Mussolini will make it possible for the economic siege of Italy to be raised, for it affects millions of people, especially the aged and the sick.

#### ALL QUIET FOR THE TROMBONE

In the trouble over the bagpipes, to which we referred the other day, a truce has been effected, the musician to play his pipes only on certain days, and then in the box-room over his porch, so that as little as possible shall be heard by his neighbours.

Problems of this sort are attended by many complications. A worthy man, a Government servant, told one of our grown-up readers of his own handicap, of the noise about his home created by dogs, children and their parents, hawkers, and the rest. "I need a little quiet in the evenings for my music," he said. "You see, I am practising the cello and the trombone, and one must concentrate in quiet for that."

Continued from the previous column

shall be dealt with, so as to take the sting of the war out of the League.

One other fine proposal Germany makes—that Germany and France should agree not to allow, in education or in the printed word, any poisoning of the relations between them, either by unfair criticism or by ridicule; and she is willing to accept a Commission of the League to consider complaints in this matter.

All this Germany proposes with the sincere hope that it will achieve a European understanding.

## SLUMS v SPACES GOOD CAUSES OPPOSING EACH OTHER

### The Law and the London County Council's Plan

#### CURIOUS SITUATION

Abolition of its slums is London's first duty in the present. Preservation of its open spaces is its urgent need for the future.

The two causes have clashed on Hackney Marshes. The L.C.C., rightly a crusader in its wish to clear the East End slum areas, wished to appropriate 30 acres of the land to put up model dwellings for the slum dwellers. Its plan was opposed by others who maintained that no part of this East End playground could be cut off for any purpose whatsoever.

So a slum has to continue because there is no other place to put it. We sympathise with the L.C.C.'s disappointment, and do not expect the Council to console itself with the reflection that some day Hackney Marshes will become a municipal park and a green oasis in the ever-spreading London surrounding it.

#### Defeated By the Law

But the Council's chairman must not allow himself to think that the opposition to his benevolent plan has sprung from ill-wishers to his reforming schemes. He must go on unwearied in well-doing, confident that no opponents can set his plans aside if they are supported by the Law. It is the Law that has beaten him, not the critics.

The Law has decided that when, 43 years ago, Parliament passed an Act making Hackney Marshes a public open space for all time, and directing the L.C.C. so to keep it, there was nothing enacted giving the Council the right to alter the conditions.

The Law may be foolish, but till it is altered Englishmen must abide by it, because it is their bulwark. A bulwark may be a hindrance, as in another case which came before the magistrates at Bristol, where a man was tidying up his shop window after hours on early-closing day. He was employing no one else to do the job, and no one could possibly be harmed; but the law against anybody's working in a shop during prohibited hours is clear. The Law cannot make exceptions, and hard cases make bad law, but the Law must be obeyed.

## THE £400-A-YEAR MEN Should They Be Insured For Unemployment?

It is proposed that all workers earning up to £400 a year shall now be brought within the Insurance Act. The present limit is £250 a year for non-manual workers. This would mean insurance books and weekly stamps for 400,000 more salaried workers.

It would add £2,400,000 a year to the Insurance Fund, for contributions of £800,000 each would be paid by the employed, the employers, and the State.

Many of the salaried people would never draw a penny from the fund; but it is perhaps fair that such people, never having to suffer enforced unemployment, should contribute to a fund so badly needed by workers in trades such as engineering, shipbuilding, and mining.

There will, no doubt, be serious discussion of such a change. Teachers, for example, strongly object to it.

#### HER RADIANCE AND HER SONG

*In the spirit of the ancestral faith of Israel we lift up our hearts in thanksgiving for the gift of her life and her love, for the radiance of her presence and for the wonder of her song.*

A thanksgiving at the funeral of the famous singer Madame Conchita Supervia, who has just passed away in this country.

## LITTLE NEWS REEL

A new granary at Liverpool Docks is to be the biggest in Europe.

Test borings for oil began last week at Portsdown Hill, near Portsmouth, where a well three miles deep is being drilled.

Australia is to try the experiment of enrolling aboriginals for police duties among natives of Northern Territory.

This year 18 sailing ships are taking part in the race with grain from Australia, compared with 21 last year.

Scotland's herring catch last year was the greatest for five years, landings being valued at over a million pounds.

The newly-formed urban district of Thurrock, Essex, including Grays, Tilbury, Purfleet, and Orsett, is said to be England's biggest urban district, covering 62 square miles with 65,000 people.

## THINGS ARE DOING WELL

### Nation's Balance-Sheet

There is good news for the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who is preparing his Budget.

The nation's balance-sheet for last year shows a surplus six times bigger than was anticipated.

The final result proved that our country had enjoyed an even greater prosperity than the Chancellor had prophesied last April, for instead of an increase in the revenue of £18,029,000 the actual expansion was £36,479,000. In the course of the year, however, additional sums had to be spent, £13,000,000 on defence, so that the final surplus was £2,940,000. The Chancellor was also able to apply nearly £12,500,000 from the revenue toward the redemption of debt, a repayment he had not expected to achieve.

Three sources of revenue showed big increases last year. The biggest was the Estate Duties, which yielded £87,900,000, a record. Income-tax increased by £9,000,000 and Customs and Excise by £13,646,000, both happy auguries for the financial year we have just entered. Another cause for congratulation is that our floating debt is £51,000,000 lower than it was a year ago.

### EMPIRE TRADE

#### India and Ottawa

India's Legislative Assembly has decided to terminate the Ottawa agreement of 1932 between the British Government and the Government of India.

Thus India sets herself free to examine her external trade in the light of her own interests. The decision was by no means unanimous, the voting being 70 to 65.

The aim of the revisionists is to obtain a greater degree of protection for Indian industries, while using a new tariff to make bargains with Britain and other countries to obtain better terms for Indian exports.

## THINGS SAID

Young people are made by their leisure time. The Bishop of Stepney

I doubt if anyone can be sane living, in the persistent scream and noise of London. Mr Walter Elliot

London has become a city of flats.

Sir Austen Chamberlain

A more ghastly thing to put a woman in I have never known.

A London magistrate on the policewoman's uniform

Conversation on the stage is likely to be poor if the conversation of those who frequent the auditorium is not worth listening to. Mr St John Ervine

For food and fellowship and the memory of Charles Dickens, thank God. Grace at a Pickwick Centenary banquet



## SKIPPER JOHN

### The Little Boat He Took Across the Atlantic

A message from Vancouver says that Skipper John Antle, founder of the Columbia Coast Mission, is retiring.

He is over 70, and has been carrying on a unique work among the Red Indians, lumbermen, and white settlers on the coast of Vancouver Island and the mainland opposite, and, on the thousands of islands that lie between.

These people can only be reached by boat, and so it is a good thing that Mr Antle is not only a missionary but a master mariner.

It was while he was exploring in a little dinghy he had built himself, with his nine-year-old daughter as companion, that he saw how neglected were the people who lived on those coasts and islands. Feeling that he must do something for them, he founded the Columbia Coast Mission. That was in 1905, and now the Mission has three hospitals and four ships, and has built many schools and churches in the villages. One of the ships is fitted as a hospital and has wireless equipment, so that she can answer calls from any part of the coast.

Three years ago Mr Antle needed another small ship, and came to England to buy one. When he found what he wanted he set out on an adventure on which many boys would have liked to accompany him. He sailed this 65-foot 36-ton yacht across the Atlantic to Newfoundland, down the coast to the Panama Canal, then up the west coast to Vancouver—1800 miles in all. He got there without mishap, and the ship, which was dedicated to her new work by the Bishop of London before she sailed, has been doing good work ever since.

### THE SPARROW THAT CHIRPED THE NEWS

Half Hungary and all Budapest is grieving for the loss of a sparrow.

Csuri was no common sparrow, but a public character connected with the Press. He perched on a stall outside the Western Railway Station of Budapest and sold newspapers.

This he did when the old woman who had brought him up from a fledgeling was away from the stall delivering the papers to the shops near by. Then Csuri was at his best, cheeping cheerily to attract the notice of passers-by and doing his utmost to cry all the news. People used to go to the old woman's stall simply to see and hear Csuri in action.

Sometimes, when his mistress was not there, they would try him with buttons. But that would not do for Csuri. He knew as well as anyone how many fillers bought a paper, and scornfully turned the buttons down. (For the information of those not so wise as poor Csuri we may say that 10 fillers are about a penny.)

Then some wicked people stole Csuri from his stall, and as nobody knows what has become of him the worst is feared. Nothing so sad has happened since the Tudor poet John Skelton bewailed the loss of

*My little Philip Sparrow  
Which I brought up at Carowe.*

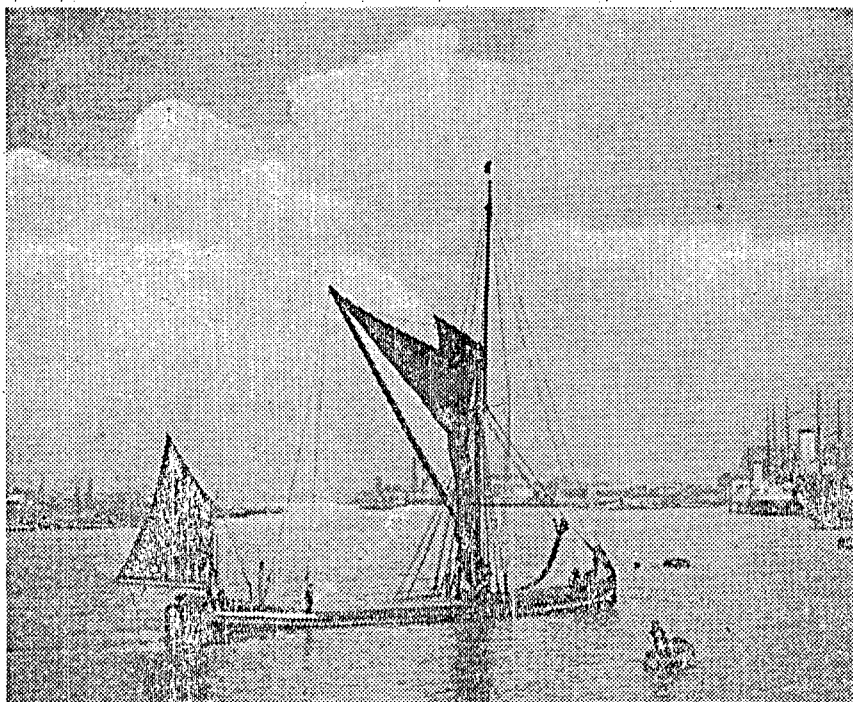
But it was an unworthy cat which bore that sparrow away.

### In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

MS of religious drama, 1553 . . .	£820
Volume of maps, 1478. . . . .	£380
1st collected ed. Chaucer, 1532 . . .	£330
15th-century poem MS . . . . .	£310
Portrait of James Watt . . . . .	£252
Chinese bronze food vessel . . . . .	£230
14th-century French MS . . . . .	£140
Scottish £20 piece, 1576 . . . . .	£104
Malcolm IV silver penny . . . . .	£70
Scottish £4 piece, 1592 . . . . .	£49
2½d Victoria Jubilee stamp . . . . .	£22

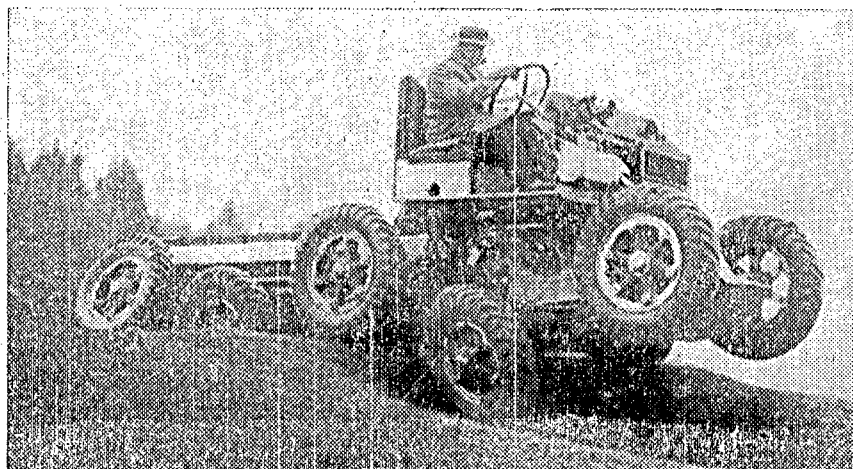
## On the Thames at Greenwich



## Springtime in the New Forest



## The Lorry That Needs No Road



## SAVE-THE-PARENTS SCHEME

### See London With a New Uncle

What would you like to do in the Easter holidays?

Would you like to watch a newspaper being printed? Would you like to be on the spot when some great air liner leaves for Australia or South Africa? Would you like a peep behind the scenes in a railway terminus? Would you like to feast your eyes (though only your eyes!) on tons of cream buns and plum cakes?

Perhaps you would like to see the machine which stamps thousands of letters every hour in London's G.P.O., or the thousands of elephant tusks heaped near the ships which brought them to London. You might even enjoy seeing Swiss Rolls rolled by the yard.

If you are over 14 and within reach of London, and have parents who think it worth paying 7s 6d to get rid of you for a day, you may go and see any of these things with an uncle you have never met before.

For the Save the Children Fund is turning Uncle and taking children over 14 to see the things they have always wanted to see but did not know how to see. The first series of visits are to

Waterloo Station on April 16  
The Daily Sketch on April 20  
The G.P.O. on April 21  
Cadby Hall (Lyons) on April 22  
The Docks on April 24  
Croydon Airport on April 27

All particulars and the tickets may be got from the Organising Secretary of the Fund at 20 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1, the price for one outing being 7s 6d, with reductions for quantity. The money will go to help the children to whom this Fund already plays Uncle, the little refugees, the boys and girls in distressed areas, and sick ones at the Broadstairs Open-Air Boarding School.

It seems to us a capital idea of giving us something to do in the holidays, a real Save-the-Parents scheme.

### ALBERT PENGELLY IS NO MORE AT LOOE

A brave young fisherman with the true Cornish name of Albert Pengelly will walk the little streets of Looe no more, but he will not be forgotten there.

Heavy seas were breaking over the pier, and people had come out to watch them. Presently there came a huge wave which broke over two girls and swept them away.

Young Pengelly ran down the pier and jumped into the sea. He swam out to one girl and brought her halfway in. Then his father jumped into the sea and took this girl ashore while young Pengelly caught a life-line and swam out with it to the other girl.

By means of the line she was hauled to safety. Then suddenly someone saw young Pengelly's body floating a few yards from land. He was brought ashore, but died without recovering consciousness.

He gave his life for the girls, and the people of Looe will remember him with grief and pride as long as they live, and will want their children to grow up to be as brave as Albert Pengelly.

### AN EASY WAY OF RAISING £10,000

The sum of £10,000 has been raised in New Zealand in two months by the sale of health stamps costing twopenny, a penny for postage and a penny for health.

Thanks to these donations of a penny a stamp thousands of children whose parents could not afford a long holiday at the seaside have been enabled to enjoy their midsummer holidays at health camps on some of the beautiful beaches of New Zealand.

## CANDIDATES FOR THE CHILDREN'S ZOO London's New Idea

What will be put in the Children's Zoo, for which the Office of Works has given the Zoo a strip of Regent's Park?

The parent Zoo has decided on a restaurant, but it must still be wondering what other lures for children it can add to a tuck-shop. Which would be the suitable animals it could spare?

There ought to be an elephant, because the elephant is the children's friend; and a talking parrot could not be left out. The children would like an Australian koala bear because it is so much like a Teddy Bear, but the supply is sadly limited. A wallaby might fill the gap.

Little deer would be very appropriate, and every child would love a shy gazelle; and something is to be said for little foxes, as long as the young visitors are warned that they may look but must not touch. But after these the choice is not easy.

The hippopotamus is too clumsy, the camel rather uncertain of temper. Most children would vote for a lion or a tiger, but we are not sure if these are proper playmates for the young. A seal would be sure of a welcome; so would an agile gibbon; and no troupe of performing animals would be complete without the penguins—an Emperor penguin for dignity and a Jackass penguin as clown.

## LITTER LOUTS BY THE SEA

Liverpool has the privilege of using its water front as a dustbin.

Anything goes into it, 20,000 tons of quay sweepings from Liverpool and Birkenhead docks and 77,000 tons of Liverpool town refuse in a year.

This is a considerable convenience to Liverpool, but the result is not pleasant for Lytham St Anne's or Southport, whose shores are littered with oranges, tins, bottles, bits of baskets, and recently, at St Anne's, of a package of ten-year-old invoices of a New York firm.

The authorities are not the only litter louts. Any vessel coming or going in Liverpool bay cheerfully dumps its rubbish overboard. The same thing takes place in the Thames estuary, where the tide brings up to Battersea every sort of disgusting litter and deposits it on the foreshore of Battersea Park.

Complainants in Lancashire point out that inland places have to burn their refuse or tip it where it will not offend the eye or nose. This rule is not always carried out as it should be on the shores of the Thames, as some dumps in Essex show.

It should be enforced everywhere, and towns and ships alike ought to be compelled to destroy their rubbish instead of scattering it to the winds and on the waves.

## THE DOCTOR'S BLACK BAG

An eminent Hungarian physician has told a queer story about his little black bag.

When he was called in during a case of illness he took with him the black bag. Our correspondent in New York asked him with curiosity why it was that doctors always carried a black bag, and he told how some years ago, when he came to New York to join the staff of a big hospital, he had brought with him a beautiful brown bag for his instruments. After a week or two the chief of the hospital staff took him aside and told him kindly that if he did not substitute a black bag for his brown one he would have to resign, as the unusual colour was causing amusement and unfavourable comment.

The matter became so serious that the doctor had to give way, and has always since visited his patients with a black bag.

## THE EASTER BELLS ARE RINGING

ALL our bells are ringing out for Easter once again, and it was only the other day that we were reading that some of the oldest bell-ringers in England had joined to ring a peal of 5056 changes.

Many people, in reading such news, must wonder what it means. How are thousands of changes rung, and why are some bell-ringers so old and famous? The eight who came the other day from north, south, and east to ring St Olave's bells in the City of London have each rung over a thousand peals, and most had been ringing for half a century.

A bell-ringer needs knack as well as strength. In a peal of bells the heaviest bell (the tenor) may weigh a ton; the lightest (the treble) will be about 4 cwt. The bells in their resting positions are like capital Vs. When the right pull is given they swing right round, coming to the upright V position again. If the pull is too weak the bell will not rise up far enough; if too strong it will crack against the bar placed to keep it from falling over.

### Two Kinds of Skill

Clearly a good deal of well-directed power is needed to keep a bell ringing in its proper turn for hours at a time, though such is the steady skill attained by some of these old ringers that one of them rang the great tenor bell of St Saviour's, Southwark, weighing over two and a half tons, for six hours on end. But another kind of skill is called for when changes are rung on a peal of bells. It is quickness of mind, and an ear trained to take note of fractions of a second.

The commonest kind of peal-ringing is simple. A number of bells hung together, from five to a dozen, is a ring. The highest note, the treble bell, is struck first, followed by the consecutive notes until the deepest (or tenor) bell is struck. This is a round.

The round may first be struck in the order 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6. Then, after this order has been repeated for some minutes, it may be varied at the command of the leader, or fugleman, to 2, 1, 4, 3, 6, 5. Other orders follow at the same intervals. But this kind of pealing commands no respect from the old experts, who call it the Churchyard Bob. In proper change-ringing a change is made at each stroke, the bells never

being sounded in the same order. Each bell is made to follow a certain course, and to change places in the order of ringing with other bells according to certain rules or methods. As a simple illustration we may picture the treble bell threading its way through the other bells till it reaches the tenor, and then comes back again.

Various methods of changing the order have old-fashioned names, like Plain Bob, Grandsire, Kent Treble Bob. All can be applied to different numbers of bells and most are two or three centuries old.

Change-ringing on each number of bells has its own name. Changes on five bells are doubles; on six, minor; seven, triples; eight, major; nine, caters; ten, royal; eleven, cinquies; and twelve, maximus.

On eight bells the enormous number of 40,320 changes may be rung, and it is said that Thomas Barham, a Leeds gardener, and his companions, after two failures, accomplished this feat in 27 hours in 1761. About 28 changes are rung in a minute, and it takes three hours or more to ring 5000 changes.

Such a peal is of no value unless it is true. If the same change occurs twice it is a false peal. There must be no stop or hitch. A ringer may lose his way and confuse the others. The leader may miss the call which carries on or alters the changes.

### An All-English Art

While the ringer's hands and eyes are busy he must also listen to hear that the bell strikes at just the right interval after the one it follows. In ringing on eight bells the eight sounds are produced in about two seconds. Only a quarter of a second passes between the sounds of the bells. The practised ringer can hear a smaller interval than that and knows that a sixteenth of a second's error will sound a jarring note.

Hands, eyes, and ears must be in unison every moment of ringing a change, and at the same time the mind must never relax its attention on the method by which the changes are to be produced. Change-ringing is an all-English art and science, and is known or practised in no other country. For all who try it has a charm that never fails. Long may it flourish.

## Does Niagara Freeze?

WE have been asked to explain the apparently impossible pictures lately published of Niagara frozen.

The intense cold of the past winter did not, as a matter of fact, turn the Falls into a solid block of ice, but only a small part of them.

Never since the Glacial Ages have the Falls ceased falling, and it will need the return of such an Age to check their impetuous force.

What does happen is that the flow of the American branch only of the river is held up, and the trickling streams that escape freeze and form the icicles which hang like stalactites from the edge of the Fall above; but the river pours over the lip of the Canadian branch as powerfully, or more powerfully, than ever.

All readers of the CN know that Niagara Falls are divided into two by an island at their brink. The Horseshoe Fall in Canada is the bigger part, extending for 880 yards as against the 333 yards of the American Fall. The Canadian branch of the river also is much deeper, reaching 20 feet in the centre, while four feet is the average depth of the American. In fact, only five per cent of the water is carried over the American Fall.

Yet so powerful is the velocity of the river that freezing is normally impossible. Only a combination of circumstances can bring about the beautiful spectacle which has entranced all who have witnessed it this year, when the freezing

continued for over a month—a record. A glance at a map shows us that Niagara River carries the waters of Lake Erie, 565 feet above sea-level, to Lake Ontario, only 232 feet above the sea. The Falls account for only 160 feet of this difference, so that the other half occurs in the 36 miles of its course, 50 feet of the drop occurring in the rapids immediately above the actual Falls.

In severe weather icefloes form on Lake Erie and are carried into the river, the south-west winds hastening them thither and also keeping them to the eastern half, close to the American bank. When these icefloes reach Goat Island, which separates the two Falls, they tend to lodge on the shoals here and to jam in the shallower channel leading to the American Falls. While the south-westerly still blow the river remains at its deepest and the water can make its way to the Fall under the ice; but with a change in the direction of the wind, so that it blows away from its exit at the narrow eastern end of Lake Erie, less water enters the river, which becomes so low that the ice settles on its bed and almost entirely checks its flow along the American channel. What little remains then freezes, while the few streams which force their way through crevices freeze as they trickle over and build up icicles. Meanwhile the channel on the Canadian side, being deeper and more free from icefloes, carries practically the whole of the river over the Horseshoe Fall.

## GILDING THE DOME

### The Dynast Gives Paris Something To Talk About

To add lustre to next year's Paris Exhibition the Dome of the Invalides is to be regilded till it shines like the sun at noonday.

Napoleon lies beneath it; and in Thomas Hardy's poem of The Dynasts he is made to speak of his own gilding of the Dome in a way that has today a note of prophecy. Napoleon speaks. He addresses his wife, Marie Louise:

But to begin, we must make sure of France. Disclose ourselves to the good folk of Paris in daily outings as a family group. The type and model of domestic bliss (Which, by the way, we are). And I intend, Also, to gild the Dome of the Invalides in best gold leaf, and on a novel pattern.

Marie Louise: To gild the Dome, dear? Why? Napoleon: To give them something To think about. They'll take it like children, And argue in the cafés, right and left, On its artistic points. So they'll forget The woes of Moscow.

The touch of prophecy belongs to Thomas Hardy the poet rather than to Napoleon the Dynast, whose feelings about Moscow were very different from those of Paris today. But the regilding of the Dome after 70 years with 8 lbs of pure goldleaf may hopefully be taken as a sign that next year Paris will have taken its mind off war to dwell in peace.

If that proves true, then, in the words of another poet, we may confess that "all our thoughts and wishes tend again towards France."

## A MILKY WAY ACROSS THE SEA

All kinds of strange things happened a week or two ago when a steamship crossed the Atlantic from the Channel Islands to New York carrying 117 prize Guernsey cows.

All the passengers and sixty men of the crew set to work to milk the cows each day, and there was such an embarrassing supply of milk that some of the crew spent their spare time churning the milk for butter and cheese. Hundreds of gallons of milk had to be thrown overboard as it could not all be used, and this had the extraordinary effect of attracting whales, which were sighted several days out by the look-out men. There were two cats on the vessel, and report has it that on arrival in New York they were so fat from all the cream they had drunk on the voyage that they were hardly recognisable.

## A DUTCHMAN'S LEASE OF LONDON BRIDGE

Sir William Prescott, at a lunch given by the Metropolitan Water Board, told the story of Peter Morris, a Dutchman who in 1580 took from the City a 500-years lease of the first arch of London Bridge. There he set up a watermill for pumping Thames water.

The lease had been taken over from the Corporation by the Water Board, which has a great deal more to think about than the supply from a mill worked by the tidal waters of the Thames at London Bridge. They are supplying far purer water to a population of nearly one in five of all England and Wales.

## GIFTS FROM QUEEN MARY

Queen Mary has given 14 Victorian knick-knacks to the Abbey Folk Park at New Barnet.

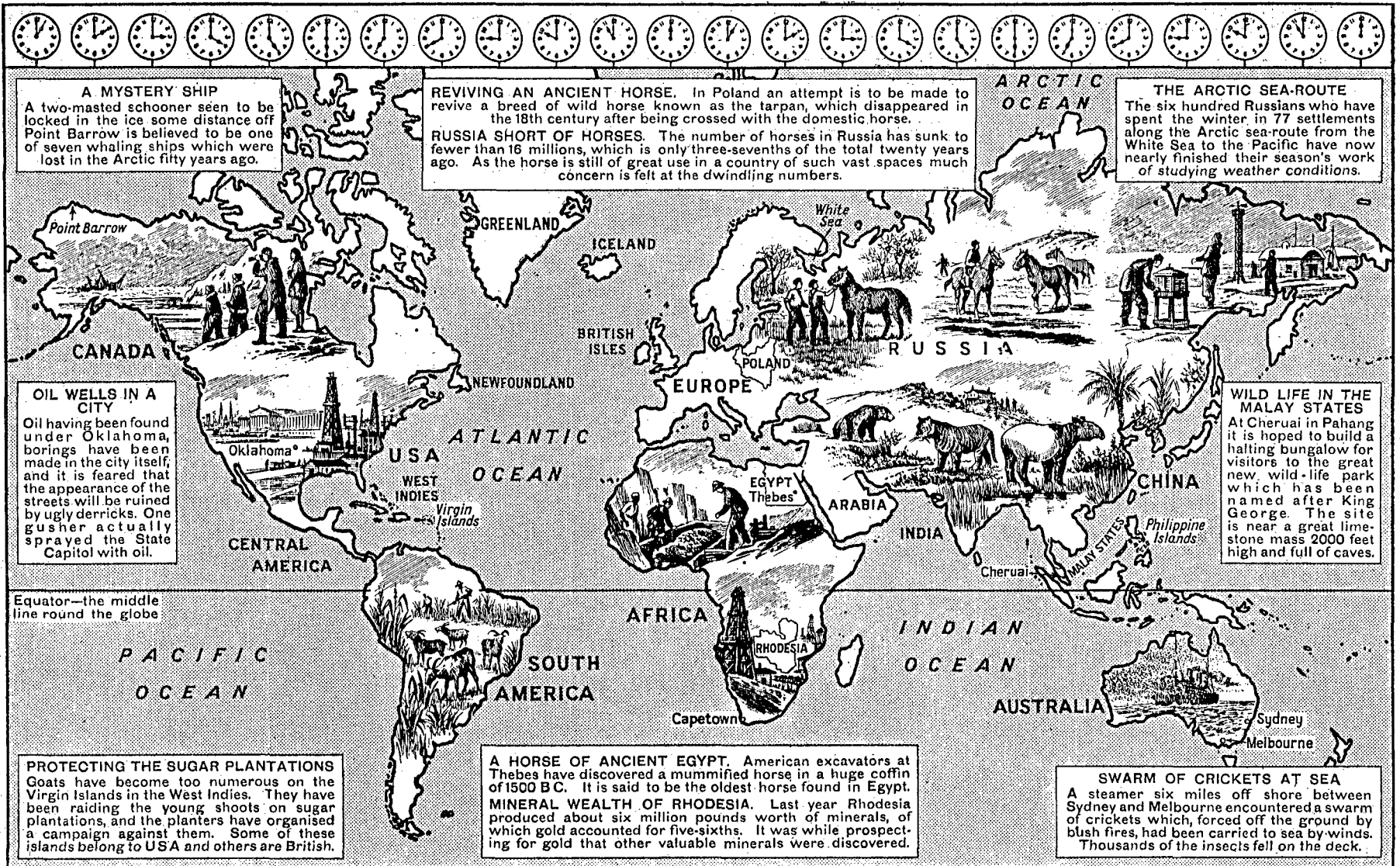
The most interesting is a child's work-box, which is a delightful example of miniature craftsmanship and contains two samplers, one dated 1827.

Another tiny object is a trinket box shaped like a travelling trunk and decorated with tartan.

These charming objects will have a place of honour in the 19th-century shop which will be opened in the Arcade of Old-time Shops in a few weeks.



# CN Picture-News and Time Map of the World



## WARMING THE ORCHARD When the Frost Bell Rings

The serious frost of May 1935, which made fruit scarce and dear, will not soon be forgotten, and attention is being increasingly directed to the question of heating orchards.

Mr A. G. Harrington of Bedford uses a liquid fuel burner to maintain the air temperature of orchards above freezing-point. It consists of a metal canister having a flame hole covered by a lid, and six air holes in the side. The wicks are made of asbestos rope.

The number of heaters to the acre is 50, and they raise the temperature of the orchard seven or eight degrees.

The use of heaters involves the adoption of a frost alarm or a night watchman. Mr Harrington's alarm system consists of a maximum and minimum thermometer with one wire on the left-hand side set at 33 degrees and the other in the mercury at the bottom. When the temperature falls to one degree above freezing-point the circuit is closed and a bell rings.

## THE NEWEST CAMERA ACHIEVEMENT

A new camera representing the high-water mark of modern construction has its own photo-electric "eye" built inside it, so that when the lens is directed toward an object to be photographed the photo-cell meter tells exactly what exposure to give.

It is one of the new miniature cameras (manufactured by Zeiss), will fit in the pocket, carries six interchangeable lenses, and takes 36 pictures on a single spool of film, either in colour or in black and white.

Photo-electric meters are frequently used by expert photographers for measuring the strength of the light and getting very accurate exposures, but this is the first time a camera has been made with a photo-cell built into it.

## What Will Happen Across the Earth?

*Australia, said an Australian the other day, should talk less of her impossibilities and more of her possibilities. Is it not a good idea for us all?*

But perhaps it is especially good for Australia. Thousands of people wonder why this great country, wanting people, cannot take our idle men.

The lowest birthrate, the biggest island, the emptiest continent—why is Australia content to accept this description of her possibilities and limitations?

Everybody is talking of expansion of peoples and the want of raw materials, and it is fitting that the biggest medical conference ever held in Australia should have been discussing this question, to which the C.N. has so often referred. Australia's population, according to the director of one of its State medical services, is likely never to exceed 8,500,000 at the present rate of increase. That is less than three persons to a square mile.

### A Healthy Land

The low birthrate is the chief cause of this meagre population, and what makes it more remarkable is that no land in the world is healthier or more fitted to support a strong and vigorous race. Food is plentiful and cheap, there are space and sunlight for all, and the children of Australia are living proofs of the value of these gifts. The average Australian boy or girl of 15 is taller and more round the chest than boys or girls of the same age in England, and this is true whether they live in town or country.

If the population does not increase from within it must be from economic causes. But the more important check on the increase of numbers is that Australia has set her face against immigrants. There was something to be said for her desire to remain a White Australia and to resist the influx of Asiatics. When the first gold rush

took place in Australia Chinese came with it, and their numbers increased to thousands, who later took to agriculture and other pursuits, where they worked and lived on next to nothing.

They reduced the standard of wages, and Labour, always strong in Australia, violently objected. The objections of Labour were supported by others who believed that all such immigrants must always remain an alien population without any stake or interest in the welfare of Australia. Asiatics were therefore excluded. But Labour since then, in pursuit of the maintenance of high wages, has continually resisted immigration from European countries also, and has looked askance even on British immigrants unless they were to go on the land, which is a difficult business in Australia unless the settler has capital. As a mere labourer he will not be highly paid and will find conditions of lodging and living harder than in England.

Italy talks of her people having nowhere to go, but where can our own people go?

### The Empty Continent

It ought to be part of the Labour policy to better the lot of the worker on the land. It ought to be the Commonwealth policy to encourage by all means settlement on the land by Australians and by white immigrants. This will not be done by laying stress on the bare plains of Australia and the small proportion of fertile country to desert.

It is time, a speaker said at the Medical Conference the other day, that Australians turned their thoughts away from the impossibilities of their country to consider the possibilities. If they do not, some alien race will do it for them. There are teeming populations in Asia whose rulers have long turned envious eyes on the island continent, only too willing to explore its possibilities with their surplus people.

## PUTTING THE BRAKE ON IN THE SKY

### Something New For Aeroplanes

In future it will be possible for planes to be fitted with brakes like cars.

At present, when an airman is landing, he closes the throttle of the engine, and although no more power is then supplied to the engine the propeller continues to turn and the landing speed is increased. A brake has been designed which can be fitted to any aeroplane, and while it weighs only 52 pounds it will quickly bring the propeller to a standstill. It operates like the oil brakes of a car, forcing brake shoes gently but firmly against the nose of the propeller.

### HIS 200 PAIRS OF BOOTS

During 37 years of missionary work Mr Philip Lewis, who has been called the John Wesley of Australia, has travelled 270,000 miles.

He wore out 200 pairs of boots, for he covered 75,000 miles on foot.

Most of his preaching was done in the blazing heat of the interior. He still reads his Bible, after having read it more than 50 times through.

Although he is a poor man and receives no money for his work, he has made so many friends among black and white people that he is never in need.

### A NOTE FROM MAN

A C.N. reader visiting the Isle of Man for the first time tells us she has not only seen tailless cats, but tailless bantams, and learned that in the Calf of Man are scutless rabbits.

Income tax is 10d in the £ up to £1000 per annum; and there are no death duties, no pawnbrokers, and no moneylenders because the rate of interest is limited by law.

The people are wonderfully kind, and the history, scenery, and antiquities of the island are full of interest.

# THE HOPE OF THE WORLD

EASTER is with us again, the time of Hope. It is the eternal hope of man that has impelled him forward.

It has given him strength to overthrow whatever enemies have come across his path; it has kept his heart alive through chains and slavery, against the mammoth and the bear, against the terrors of the elements, against the teeth and claws of tyranny.

The dauntless spirit of man in every age and place has been the all-sustaining force of life. Without hope the things that made your life worth living yesterday, that will make it worth living in the morning, could not have been. Even Science lives from age to age and hour to hour on faith and hope. A man sets out on a voyage of discovery hoping and believing, and but for these two great pillars of religion the conquests of men in the realm of matter would have been a poet's dream.

It is hope that has governed our destinies, the everlasting hope of our English poet Mr Henley:

*It matters not how strait the gate,  
How charged with punishments  
the scroll;*

*I am the master of my fate,  
I am the captain of my soul.*

## The Men Who Kept Hope Alive

Have you not often thought of the shadow that hung over the lives of the men who kept alive the greatest hope that this world ever had? Christianity came into the world with the world against it; men were ready to slay it with the sword. For 300 years the Roman Empire fought the Christians and hunted them like wolves. The Roman Empire was afraid of the great hope that the day would come when men would rule by love instead of terror, and for generations the gentlest people on the Earth were hunted like wild beasts.

But the hope in them endured. It endured though they were thrown to the lions, it endured through all the terrible persecutions of Diocletian, who swore that he would stamp Christianity out. He did his best to stamp it out, and then he left his throne and built the greatest palace in the world.

## Keeping the Torch Burning

Today some walls of it are standing as he left them in Dalmatia, and you can walk about in them at Spalato; and in the midst of them, in the heart of this great place built by the man who was to stamp out Christianity, is a Christian temple.

A year or two more, and a boy of eighteen heard one day that he was Emperor of the Western Empire. He set Christianity free from persecution; he put such a joy in the hearts of these poor persecuted people that they came from their hiding, crept out of their catacombs, and spread themselves throughout the Earth. Their unconquerable hope had conquered; they had overcome the kingdoms of this world.

Long after that there came William Tyndale; he used to walk down Fleet Street before ever a newspaper was seen there. He hoped for the day when the boy who drove the plough at Charing Cross would know more of the Scriptures than the Pope of Rome: a hope, one would have thought, good enough for a bishop to sympathise with. But there was no room in the Bishop of London's palace for Tyndale to translate the Bible, and good Humphrey Monmouth, who heard Tyndale preach in Fleet Street, took him to his house for half a year. There Tyndale toiled and toiled to fulfil his hope, but still

children mocked him in the street; but his hope endured, and in the end Queen Isabella sold her jewels to buy three ships, in which this man set out.

His men mutinied and threatened to throw him into the sea, but he overcame them, and one day there came floating toward the mutineers as strange a sight as a man could dream about—a bird sitting on a floating nest, full of eggs. Hope was coming true. Soon they saw a light; soon they saw land. The mutineers were down on their knees and Columbus stepped ashore and kissed the earth. He had found America.



One String Still Left—The Famous Picture of Hope by G. F. Watts

there was no room for him in England; and with ten pounds that Monmouth gave him he went to Germany, and there, in that place now so lost to hope and liberty, the hope of Tyndale came a little nearer to fulfilment; and at last his Bible came back to England—to be publicly burned outside St Paul's!

Hope has had some great adventures: who will write its story? There was a little boy who used to watch the ships arrive at Genoa, and, listening to the sailor's tales of things he saw and did not see, his heart was fired so that when he grew up he set out with his little boy to walk to Spain. He would call at night at a monastery for a meal of bread and water and a rest, and at last he reached the Court of Spain, where his hope raised sneers and laughter among the wise men round the King. His name became a byword in Madrid. Bishops mocked him in the Court,

But there is no end to hope—it will live in the heart when most other things are dead. Will you leave me the stars? a woman cried in mockery to the French Revolutionists who had bereft her of all earthly things. There are always the stars, and, though Fleet Street prints such rubbish about them every Sunday, they seem to say to those who read them rightly, *The night is long that never finds the day*. G. F. Watts painted this noble picture of Hope sitting in solitude, playing on the last string of a broken harp; and hope will find music still when the last string breaks.

It will never end; it is never beaten. It will spring up anew though it be buried; it will revive and strengthen though it be burned; it will endure though all the powers of evil turn against it. It is the thing that will not die and never yet has lost a fight.

Arthur Mee

## A Little Story To Remember

*We have been looking through some old papers and have come across this newspaper cutting.*

THE French Red Cross found the body of a dead German soldier. Out of his pocket fell a little bundle of food and a letter—just an ordinary letter. We read it, and this is what it said:

My dearest Heart—When the little ones have said their prayers and prayed for their dear father and have gone to bed, I sit and think of thee, my love. I think of all the old days when we were betrothed, and I think of all our happy married life. Oh, Ludwig, beloved of my soul, why should people fight each other? I cannot think God would wish it.

"I do not think you need read any more," said the doctor. "Nor do I," was the reply. You will not believe it, but, hardened to war from youth, I could only toy with my rough meal at night, and in my slumbers I kept hearing the words *My dearest Heart*.

## The Pity of It

Is it not pitiful that we are getting used to the idea that one nation in the League of Nations is daily bombing another, constantly making war on Red Cross hospitals, inflicting torture and death on helpless people?

And is it not a thousand times pitiful that the only excuse that is offered for it all is that Signor Mussolini wants somebody else's country?

## Tip-Cat

LINGERING on a Belisha crossing delays traffic. Some people think it ought to be stopped.

VEGETABLES should be more popular. A growing need.

A NAVY has become a barrister. Brief glory.

EASTER eggs are to be green, mauve, and blue. Hope the people who want to eat them won't be off colour.

THE population at Kenton has suddenly jumped. Has there been an increase in motor traffic?

THE emotions of men and women are a novelist's stock-in-trade. He works on their feelings.

## THE BROADCASTER

*C N Calling the World*

THE Boy Scout movement has spread to the coloured races of Africa.

ABOUT 1400 new playing-fields have been started in eight years.

THE sixpenny minimum has increased the number of telegrams by 25 per cent.

## JUST AN IDEA

*Are we thankful enough, one wonders, for those whose patience inspires others to hold on?*

## Peter Puck Wants To Know



If a sandwichman pays his board



# THE MAN WHO SAVED DARWIN

## A Story of Long Ago

### DICTATOR WHO DIED FORGOTTEN

His friends are still publishing their recollections of Mr Cunningham Graham, whose death was mourned in the Old World and the New, and now Sir Buckston Browne records Mr Graham's stories of Juan Manuel Rosas, the Argentine soldier who, becoming Dictator, interfered in the affairs of Uruguay and involved Great Britain in the dispute.

Rosas lives immortal in the pages of Darwin, whom he fed and sheltered and saved from starvation when our great Englishman was travelling in the wilds after landing from the Beagle. A pure Spaniard, though born at Buenos Aires, Rosas was like a figure from a novel or modern film.

### An Incomparable Horseman

In an area largely barren he had a property of 74 square leagues, with 300,000 head of cattle, and horses so numerous that Darwin was for a time prevented from canoeing over a river, which was filled with hundreds upon hundreds of the animals, swimming the stream in order to follow the cavalry of Rosas.

The General received Darwin with great kindness, impressing him with the wonderful way in which he managed his estate, with its vast resources in corn, and its military force of bandit-like troops. He governed by laws of his own, but among men to whom riding was as second nature he was chiefly venerated because of his incomparable horsemanship.

To qualify for the rank of General among these desperadoes it was necessary, Darwin says, to pass the following test: A troop of unbroken horses being driven into a corral were let out through a gateway, above which was a cross-bar; and the General was he who, dropping from the cross-bar on to one of these wild animals as it rushed out, should not only ride it without saddle or bridle, but should bring it back to the corral under control. Rosas had passed the test!

### Amid Lawless Soldiery

After leaving him Darwin was again in difficulties, this time from wild lawless soldiery near the mouth of the Parana River, where a revolution was in progress. Darwin became a prisoner, in danger of his life till he happened to mention that Rosas was his friend, when everything was changed.

Rosas was one of Cunningham Graham's friends, but he fell on evil days, was defeated in battle, driven to fly his country and to seek refuge with us. He died at Southampton in poverty, unknown and forgotten.

### CHEAP LAMPS AND DEAR LIGHT

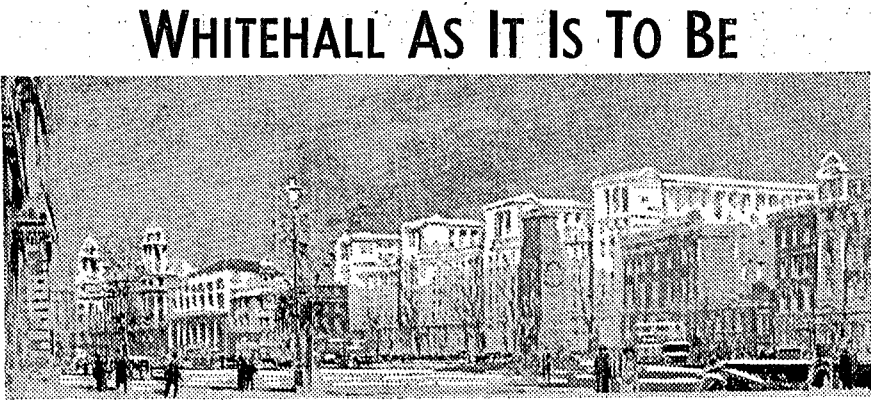
It may be false economy to buy cheap electric lamps.

This was proved the other day at the National Physical Laboratory when 50 lamps with well-known names were tested against 50 cheap lamps.

It was found that for the same consumption of current the cheap lamps gave 30 per cent less light. Therefore, to obtain the same amount of light for 1000 hours in a house 24 cheap lamps would be equal to 16 standard lamps, and including the cost of the lamps the outlay would be £16 5s for cheap lamps but only £11 18s for standard lamps.

### Pronunciations in This Paper

Dalmatia . . . . .	Dal-may-shea
Diocletian . . . . .	Di-o-clee-shan
Pahang . . . . .	Pah-hahng
Seneca . . . . .	Sen-o-ka
Spalato . . . . .	Spah-la-toe
Thebes . . . . .	Theebz



The architect's sketch for the new buildings in London's famous street

At last the architectural scheme for the new Government buildings to face the Treasury buildings in Whitehall is before us.

They will fill the space between the Banqueting Hall and New Scotland Yard, sweeping away some old houses which have now lost their meaning and some shoddy outbuildings best forgotten.

On the Thames front they will compete with the County Hall across the river, and by 1940, when half will be finished (or at least by 1946, when completed), London may have roused itself to make the opposite side of the Thames from County Hall to Charing Cross a more agreeable sight.

### A Splendid Vista

But Whitehall and Parliament Square, the Houses of Parliament and the Abbey, should all be dignified by then, and their beauty enhanced by this magnificent neighbour. If the Archbishop of Canterbury's plan for opening the space between the Abbey and the Embankment for the memorial to King George is carried out the environs of the heart of Westminster will be nearly complete. A splendid vista will be opened out between the Abbey and Nelson's Column, flanked by stately buildings on either side.

Before this is done, and while it is in progress, something more must be done to prevent what is being erected from disfigurement by paltry surroundings better pulled down. A clearance is

## Driving the Winkles Out of Business

SPARTINA GRASS is so famous for reclaiming the mud flats of estuaries that its binding roots have been sent all over the world.

But at the mouth of the Blackwater River in Essex it has done its work only too well. It is driving the winkles, to whom a mud flat is the ideal home, out of business. The town of Maldon, which thrives on winkle beds and the Blackwater fisheries, has protested, and wants the Spartina grass removed before it can do further harm.

Seldom has it been more clearly shown that one man's meat is another man's poison. Maldon wants the mud flats for winkles. The East Anglian Institute of Agriculture, which planted the grass, hoped it would save heavy outlay on seawalls. On many parts of the Essex

coast as far north as Dovercourt the encroachments of the sea have been a continual threat and expense. If seawalls could be strengthened by Spartina land would be reclaimed. But Maldon prefers the winkle in the hand to the seawall or the grass. The Spartina is to be dug up and no more planted.

What Maldon rejects other places have welcomed with enthusiasm. Outside Belfast Lough a big area of mud pumped from drainage operations is being bound together by the grass, so as to form the ground for an airport.

It is strengthening the Thames foreshore at Hadleigh; Honolulu has found a use for it in reclaiming land; and in New South Wales it is making healthy fodder for sheep in places where it will grow in brackish water.

It is a smooth marble pillar decorated with lions and shields and other puzzling bits of statuary. The few who, having examined it, can call to mind to whom it was erected generally try to avert their eyes from its top-heavy and meaningless design.

### Puzzling Bits of Statuary

It is a memorial to one of our noblest crusaders, yet it leaves the impression of having been put together out of the odd materials of a builder's yard. If one gives a second thought to it, it is to wonder that the good earl should be commemorated by one of the most lovely examples of the sculptor's art in Piccadilly Circus, where light-footed Eros stands poised with his bow, and by one of the very worst at Westminster.

This stupid pillar and its canopy should be put somewhere out of sight, so that Parliament Square may be completely worthy of the new Westminster we all hope is now to be realised.

## The CN's Great Mapping Test

### SEND IN YOUR ENTRIES NOW

HAVE you filled in the map of England?

It appeared in outline form in the Poster Stamp Album of British Railways given with the CN for March 28. Readers are asked to fill in forty place names, and for the best attempts received awards will be made which amount to 100,000 Miles of Free Rail Travel.

Many thousands of boys and girls filled in their maps at school and have sent them already. If you are not one of these, why not make it a holiday pastime? Perhaps by doing so you will win one of the Free Travel awards, which can be used by you and your family for the summer holidays. Please remember that there are equal chances for boys and girls of all ages, the awards being made in proportion to the number of entries received from each age.

THE beautiful Album need not be spoiled if you enter for the Mapping Test, for only the centre pages need be removed. Keep the Album and complete your collection of Poster Stamps. Four more are given with this week's CN and four will appear each week until the set of forty is complete.

If you have not seen the Album and the Stamps given earlier please ask your newsagent to obtain for you the CN for March 28 and April 4, and make sure of all the Stamps to follow by asking him to deliver the CN regularly.

## OUR NATIONAL PARK

### A STAGE NEARER

#### MORE OF DOVEDALE IS OURS

Riverside Walk of Three Miles on Public Land

### SPLENDID VIEWS FROM HEIGHTS ABOVE

By the gift of 485 acres of Dovedale to the National Trust the Pilgrim Trust has brought nearer the day when this exquisite piece of English scenery will become a National Park unrivalled in the world.

The River Dove has carved here for some five miles a deep valley into the limestone with a beauty of cliff, crag, and sheer slopes which even winter cannot sully. Two counties, Derbyshire and Staffordshire, meet in its stream.

The new gift is in both these counties, one of 415 acres being the Bostern Estate on the Derbyshire slopes south of the road to the Dale from its nearest station Alsop-en-le-Dale. The National Trust will hold for the public the 165 acres nearer the river and will let the remainder for farming only. In the public area will be the famous Dove Holes, a haunt of dippers and martins, the pinnacle rocks known as the Pickering Tors and the Watch Box (which stand sentinel in front of the tree-clad cliffs), and the Lion's Head Rock; while a stiff climb leads up to Baley Hill and Bostern Nab, both over 1000 feet high and giving views extending to Kinder Scout in the north and over the Trent Valley to Charnwood Forest in the south.



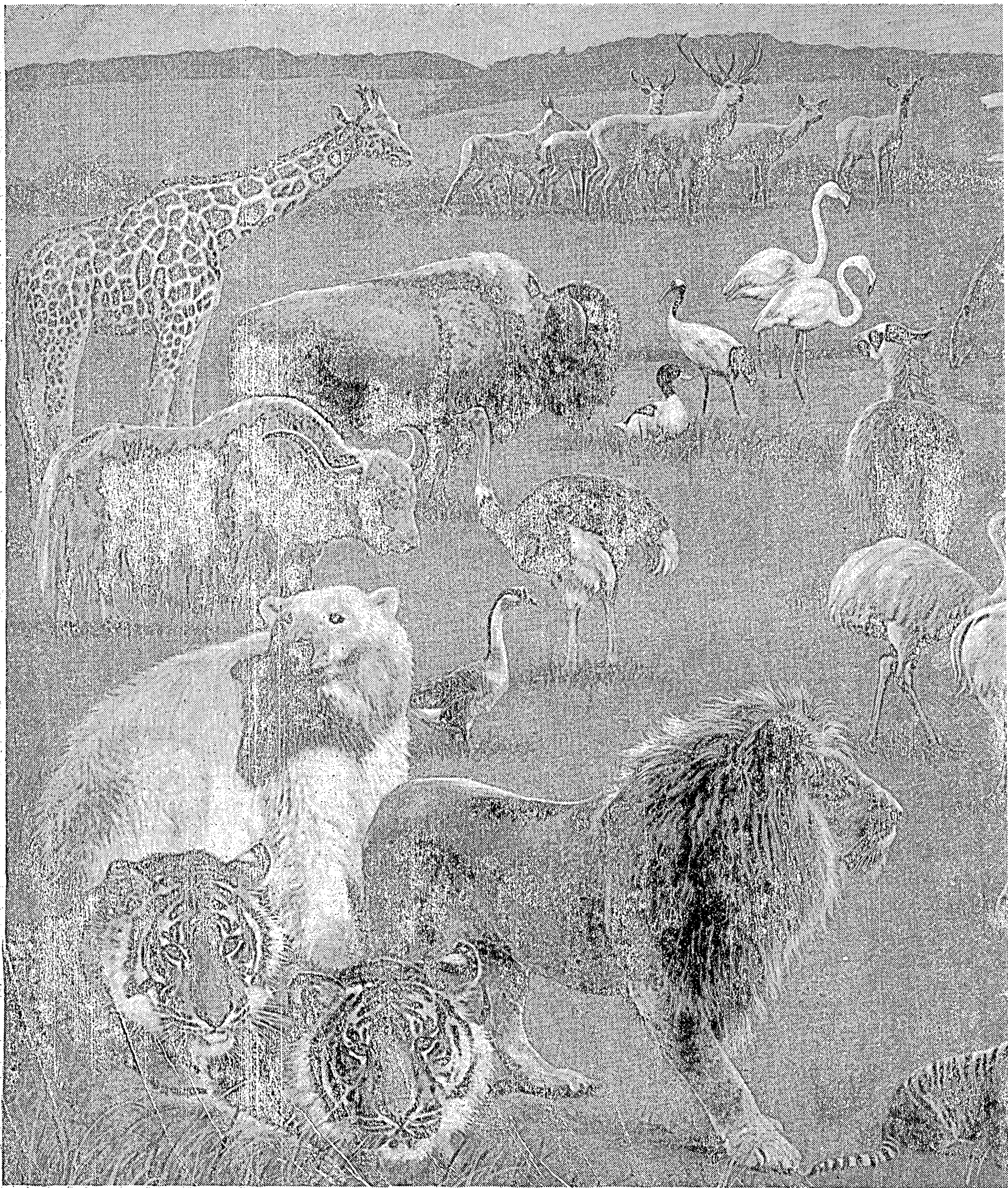
Immediately to the north of the Dove Holes lies The Nabs, given on the last day of 1935 by Mr Hodgson Kerfoot, and immediately opposite Hall Dale, one of the gifts of Mr Robert McDougall. Part of Hall Dale is a little tributary valley of the Dove, and into it and into Dovedale itself come down the glorious Hurts Woods, another 50 acres given by Mr McDougall when he gave Ilam Hall in the Manifold Valley over the hill, which has now been made into a Youth Hostel.

Following the river north we come to Lode Mill and the Fishponds Plantation, another 50 acres presented to the Trust by Imperial Chemical Industries, who worked its limestone quarries; and then we reach the second gift by the Pilgrim Trust. This is 70 acres of the glebe land of Alstonfield Church, which has been bought from the rector and has a long frontage to the Dove. Facing the glebe on the Derbyshire bank is the deep branch valley called Iron Tors, another recent gift by Mr Kerfoot, while a little to the north runs out Biggin Dale, half a mile of loveliness already owned by the National Trust.

Two years ago the National Trust owned but 150 acres of Dovedale, and it is mainly due to the energy of Mr F. A. Holmes, the local secretary, and to the example of Mr Robert McDougall that so many more acres have been added and in so short a space of time. It is now possible to walk for three miles beside the Dove on public land. We hope the whole length of this beautiful vale will now very soon be in the possession of the nation.



# MOTHER NATURE'S CHILDREN FROM FIVE



The Easter holidays are sure to bring thousands of visitors to England's great open-air zoo at Whipsnade, where hundreds of animals from all over the world may be seen wandering in comparative freedom. At

the top of this composite picture may be seen the great white lion, which may be regarded as Whipsnade's trade-mark. Cut out in the chalky hillside, it is 200 yards long, a hundred yards deep, and it can

be seen for miles around. On a group of white red-deer, and also in the upper half of the picture.



## CONTINENTS ON THE HILLS AT WHIPSNADE



with the white lion we show a  
camel, and a Bactrian camel.  
Taking them from the left, are a

giraffe, yak, American bison, ostrich, shelduck, Manchurian crane, two  
flamingoes, llama, nyloghaie, Brazilian tapir, Indian elephant, two  
Chapman's zebras, two brown bears, and an Indian rhinoceros. In the

lower half of the picture, from left to right, are a Polar bear, two  
tigers, goose, lion, two white rheas, tiger cub, ax's deer, Bennett's  
wallaby and baby, two sloth bears, porcupine, lion and common wolf.



## THE WORKHOUSE BOY'S STORY

Married in the Abbey and Honoured Everywhere

JOURNALIST WHO FOUND LIVINGSTONE

There was once a workhouse boy who was married in Westminster Abbey.

The story of his childhood is more heartbreaking than the story of Oliver Twist. John Rowlands's father died soon after he was born, and his mother went away to London. For a while the child was kept by relatives, and then he was taken to St Asaph Union Workhouse.

There he spent nine years, and no slave ever suffered more, he said afterwards. Day after day the children in the workhouse were beaten till they were unconscious. It seems that they never complained to the officials who visited the workhouse.

### The Bible in His Pocket

One day a new table was discovered to be damaged, and the schoolmaster proceeded to flog the whole class. Suddenly Rowlands revolted, seized the rod, and flogged the tyrant. Then he ran away and sailed as cabin boy on an American sailing ship. The captain of the vessel ill-used his crew brutally, in order to make them desert when the ship reached port, and so save their wages. Rowlands escaped at New Orleans, hid in some cotton bales for a time, and then started to look for work. Timidly he approached a kind-looking man, who asked him, "What is that book in your pocket?"

It was a Bible, and the inscription showed that it was presented to John Rowlands by the Bishop of St Asaph for diligent application to his studies and general good conduct.

### Years of Appalling Hardships

Now his troubles were at an end. The stranger gave him a good breakfast and a good job, and quickly grew fond of the boy, finally adopting him.

So Rowlands was named Henry Morton Stanley after his benefactor, and he made that name famous for ever by exploring the Congo from source to sea and opening up Central Africa.

He was a newspaper correspondent when one day the proprietor of the New York Herald sent him to Africa to find Livingstone. No news had come from the explorer for a long time and men feared that he was dead. Stanley discovered Livingstone. The place where the two men met is now marked by a concrete block inscribed:

*Livingstone—Stanley: 1871*

After Livingstone's death, two years later, Stanley determined to finish his work, and two newspapers furnished him with funds for an expedition. He succeeded in crossing Africa from east to west after three years of appalling hardships. Of his 356 followers only 115 returned home. Of the four white men only Stanley survived.

### Acclaimed a Hero

The workhouse boy was acclaimed a hero by princes, kings, and distinguished men. He returned at the request of the King of the Belgians to open up the Congo, set up trading posts, and make roads. He would rather have claimed the Congo for Britain, but this country was not willing to spend money on the scheme.

His critics say that Stanley was too impatient, and that he fired on natives who attacked his party, whereas Livingstone would camp for weeks until the unfriendly savages lost their suspicions and let him go on. But Stanley's friends declare that he never used violence except in cases of dire necessity. He was an upright man, and brave as a lion.

His life has now been told by Mr Frank Hird and published by Mr Stanley Paul.

## WHAT HAPPENED ON YOUR BIRTHDAY

If it is Next Week

April 12, Seneca, Nero's tutor, died . . . 65  
13. Jean de la Fontaine died in Paris . . . 1695  
14. George Frederick Handel died in London . . . 1759  
15. Dr Johnson's great Dictionary published . . . 1755  
16. Sir Hans Sloane born at Killyleagh . . . 1660  
17. Benjamin Franklin died at Philadelphia . . . 1790  
18. Erasmus Darwin died at Derby . . . 1802

### His Collection Started the British Museum

Sir Hans Sloane was the great London doctor of the first half of the eighteenth century who made a great fortune which he spent generously in supporting hospitals. He collected manuscripts, books, and scientific specimens, and left them all to the British nation, on the condition that £20,000 was paid for valuable things which had cost him £50,000.



Sir Hans Sloane

In 1753 Parliament passed a Bill to accept the gift, and the great Sloane collection made the beginning of the British Museum.

Sir Hans Sloane was one of the most active men of science of his time. He succeeded Sir Isaac Newton as President of the Royal Society for the Advancement of Science.

As a famous doctor he practised in Bloomsbury Square, close by what is now the British Museum. Much of his wealth was invested in London, in the parts now called after him—Sloane Street, Sloane Square, and Hans Place.

## 25 YEARS AGO

From the C.N. of April 1911

Shall We Talk To Anybody Anywhere? One of the things now happening which will change the face of the world is the astonishing growth of new ways of communication.

One of these days we may be able to take a little instrument from our pocket and send a wireless message anywhere. Already a start has been made in this direction by Professor Albin Belar, an Austrian scientist. He has made a pocket receiving station which can be set up instantly and used to receive wireless messages. By its use he has managed to pick up wireless messages from Italy, Spain, France, and Ireland.

In the meantime the larger schemes of wireless telegraphy are developing. The Eiffel Tower in Paris, which was built as a novelty, has now been turned to useful account as a receiving and dispatching station for wireless messages. For the first time in history Paris spoke last month direct by wireless to Canada.

## CN QUESTION BOX

Questions must be asked on postcards, and sent to CN Question Box, John Carpenter House, Whitefriars, London, E.C.4, one question on each card, with name and address.

### Who Was the First Duke of York?

Edmund de Langley (1341-1402), fifth son of Edward the Third.

### What is the Average Annual Rainfall in Great Britain?

About 200,000 million tons.

### What is the Hawthornden Prize?

An award of £100 given annually for the best work of imaginative literature by an author not over 40.

### What is the Population of the World?

About 2000 millions, divided as follows: Asia 1044 millions; Europe 550, North America 170, Africa 150, South America 74, Oceania nine.

### Who Was Raphael Hythloday?

A traveller to whom Sir Thomas More, in his Utopia, attributed his account of that mythical island.

## BIRMINGHAM FINDS LONDON USEFUL

Midland City's Seaport

FIVE DAYS FROM SHIP TO FACTORY

London is becoming a port of increasing value to Birmingham, thanks to the improvements and speed-up on the Grand Union Canal.

Cargoes entering Regent's Canal Dock at Limehouse can reach Birmingham factories in just over five days.

Mr W. H. Curtis, Chairman of the Grand Union Canal, has announced how this can be done. A ship arrives from the Continent with 1200 tons of metal. This is transferred to 50-ton barges, a two-days task, and the barges follow each other along the 137-mile-long waterway to Birmingham, sometimes to unload at a wharf by the factory itself, sometimes to be transferred to lorries and drawn by the mechanical horse to a factory some distance from the canal.

It is only six years since the amalgamation of the canals which has made improvements possible, but in spite of the depression 40 firms have taken sites on the banks, the area being 230 acres.

The annual canal imports into Birmingham alone total millions of tons, and include copper, tin, lead, iron, zinc, timber, coal, and vast quantities of foodstuffs. Water-transport is much cheaper than road or rail, and with its new fleet the Canal Company should ease the congestion on our roads as well as add to Birmingham's prosperity.

## VITAMINS FROM WILD ROSES

Valuable Work By Russian Scientists

From the wild rose of the hedges and from the rushes beside the streams the scientists of Russia are producing millions of doses of Vitamin C.

Scurvy is one of the serious afflictions of the people in North Russia, and the laboratories were set to work to find new sources of Vitamin C. Rushes and pine cones yielded 3,500,000 doses last year, but they have not been very popular owing to their bitter taste.

The wild rose has provided a more pleasant form, and it is planned to produce 13,000,000 doses this year, most of them in sweets, of which 800 tons are to be made in factories at Moscow and Leningrad.

The scientists have even gone farther, Professor Schmidt having obtained a synthetic Vitamin C in crystals from the wild rose, and it is hoped this will be available on a commercial scale.

## THE WOMEN'S DAY

Modern Russia is nothing if not original.

She has lately been keeping her first Women's Day, to honour all women and to mark the fact that "the participation of women in every sphere of activity is now an integral part of Soviet construction."

Women do many kinds of work in Russia. We see them as firemen on trains, as factory workers and foremen, as farm managers as well as farm workers, as presidents of cooperative societies, as inspectors of all sorts, and as aviators.

The women engaged in industry have increased since 1931 from four to seven millions. Another ten millions were working last year on the farms. By 1934 the proportion of women among the engineers and technical workers numbered more than 10 per cent; in the chemical industry it was 22 per cent; in the rubber industry 23; in tailoring 35. Women are establishing records in the textile industry. Their success in aeronautics is remarkable.

## A NEW DEAL FOR RED INDIANS

Better Days Before Them

A NEWSPAPER REBUKED

One of the ugliest chapters in the story of the settlement of North America concerns the way the original inhabitants were treated.

Even in the last 50 years the 350,000 Red Indians in the United States have been robbed of millions of acres and tricked out of billions of dollars, until this proud and primitive people have become paupers through no fault of their own. But now all that is changing; the Redskins are at last to be encouraged to make a good life in their own way, protected by charter.

### The Flatheads of Montana

Three years ago John Collier, a staunch champion of the Redskins, became Commissioner of Indian Affairs and began to put into practice his ideas about primitive peoples being 'allowed' to live in accordance with their own traditions. The Reorganisation Act passed last year allows the Red Indians to establish their tribal life and become independent, self-governing, and self-supporting communities. Tribes which feel they are doing well enough as they are need not change. Red Indians on nearly 200 reservations have decided to come into the scheme, and a loan fund has been established from which any group may borrow up to a quarter of a million dollars.

The first tribe to decide on their Constitution are the Flatheads of Montana. Six Flathead chieftains went to Washington for the solemn ceremony of signing it. In costumes bright with beads and headdresses adorned with feathers and ermine tails they made a magnificent picture in the businesslike office of the Secretary of the Interior.

### America's First Citizens

One Washington paper was rude enough to suggest that they had secured their fine feathers at a theatrical costumier's, and it received a dignified letter signed by the six chiefs, saying:

These costumes are hereditary. That worn by Chief Charlo was inherited by him from his grandfather Chief Little Claw, who, as chief of all the Flatheads, signed the Treaty of 1855. The ermine tails on this costume signified the rank of Chief Little Claw; those worn by Sub-chief Bear Track were left him according to the Indian custom of giving things away at time of death. Our dignity has been offended and we have been incensed by the statements in your paper.

We should like to think that the New Deal for America's first citizens may enable them one day to become strong enough to suppress vulgarity in the American press. In the meantime we may be thankful for this well-merited rebuke.

## 1 2 3

350,000 people from slums have been given better homes.

11,000,000 homes in Great Britain are now using gas.

120,000,000 gallons a day will be the output of the waterworks at Hampton, Middlesex, when the new plant is completed.

207,000,000 people in Europe listen to wireless, according to the International Broadcasting Union.

£300,000 is being spent in rebuilding King's Cross Underground stations.

£1,321,000 has been spent on hospitals by the L.C.C. since it took them over six years ago.

£80,000,000 a year is the cost to Great Britain of smoke from chimneys.

£1500,000,000 is the total assets of insurance companies in Great Britain.



## A MOUNTAIN IN THE SKY

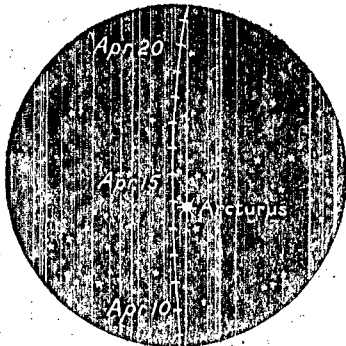
How the Delporte Planet Came Near the Earth

PALLAS PASSING NEAR ARCTURUS

By the C.N. Astronomer

As the Moon will be out of the way the next two weeks will provide the most favourable opportunities for getting glimpses of Pallas.

The accompanying star-map shows how near Pallas will appear to the brilliant Arcturus at the beginning of next week. Being less than the apparent width of the Moon to the left of Arcturus, as observed in the late evening, this,



The apparent path of Pallas past Arcturus

the most brilliant star in the south-east sky, may be readily identified. Arcturus was dealt with together with Pallas in the C.N. for March 7, when Pallas was approaching her nearest to us.

Now she is receding and so slightly diminishing in magnitude, but still at about 7.7, and may be readily picked out with good glasses, from the small stars in the vicinity, with the aid of the star-map. This shows the field-of-view, which will include Arcturus for the next fortnight and the calculated position of Pallas for each day, along the marked line.

Pallas now appears about as bright as the fainter stars indicated and is about 175,000,000 miles away. As she is some 304 miles in diameter she presents a disc with an area just about equal to that of England and Wales.

Much interest has been aroused by another of these planetoids that was recently discovered by Dr Delporte of Uccle in Belgium. The most astonishing thing about this one was that it should have come within about 1,300,000 miles of the Earth. This is nearer by five million miles than any other planet has been known to approach our Earth-Moon system; it may therefore seem surprising that this little Delporte Planet C.A. as it is now known, should have escaped and not have become another moon revolving round the Earth, as so many of Jupiter's "captured" moons revolve round him.

### Planetoid's Uncertain Future

Had this little planetoid been travelling directly toward us it would have crashed into the Earth, and since it resembles a mountain whirling through space, apparently a great mass of angular rock between 5000 and 10,000 feet in diameter, it would have been a world-wide disaster. But this body has its own orbit and on a plane slightly different from that of the Earth, so it approaches us obliquely and with just sufficient speed to carry it past. We know that a body has only to travel about six miles a second to leave the Earth's surface, and since this little planetoid is travelling at rather more than three times this speed we see why it has escaped.

It will, however, return in between two and two and a half years, and doubtless has been doing so for many millions of years; though as its movements gradually change owing to planetary attractions its future will always be uncertain.

G. F. M.

## TEN MILLIONS ON STATE PAY-ROLL

### America's Gigantic Relief Army

Astonishing unofficial figures of American unemployment are fully confirmed by official records.

The list of persons in receipt of State pay or State aid is now ten millions.

The figure includes no fewer than 800,000 who are engaged in whole-time official or control work. These are in effect unemployed, for they are paid merely to supervise the idle.

The critics of the relief funds declare that the figures represent a serious factor at the coming election, because so many will vote to keep their relief pay.

The persistence of acute distress in America is the most astonishing economic factor of our time.

President Roosevelt has just asked Congress to vote £300,000,000 to finance relief work in the fiscal year from July 1936 to June 1937. The total relief expenditure in this new year is put at £500,000,000. By next June £700,000,000 will have been spent of the £1,000,000,000 the President was granted for relief last autumn.

## A FARMHOUSE AND AN EMPIRE CAPITAL

A good friend of the C.N. has drawn attention to a surprising link between Sydney, the biggest city of Australia, and a farmhouse of that name at Alfold, a quiet Surrey village.

Rev. F. W. Cobb was rector of Alfold some years ago, and began to collect material for a story of this remote but charming place. He found that in the reign of Edward the First a yeoman, John de Sydenie, lived there, naming his house after him, and that the Earls of Leicester of the fifth creation, the first of whom was Sir Philip Sidney's brother, claimed descent from this John. When the 18th-century statesman Thomas Townshend was made a peer he took his ancestral name of Sydney as his title, and it was in his honour that the capital of New South Wales was so named.

The little book (Alfold, the Story of a Surrey Village) in which this story is told is a model of what such a book should be. It has descriptions of the church, with its Norman font and timbered belfry, its 22-foot round yew, and its ancient cottages; and Mr Cobb has put on record illuminating passages from the parish register and the documents in the church chest.

## CAN WE LIVE ON CANS?

Those of us who can look back to the early days of the canning industry have probably three predominant memories, tinned Swiss milk, tinned salmon, and tinned pineapple.

The convenience of transporting food in tins from one country to another has led to a wholesale adoption of canning, and it has now reached an almost unbelievable climax in the United States.

All kinds of domestic duties such as cooking are abominated in America. In all the big towns people either have meals at restaurants or at the chemist's (nearly every chemist has a lunch counter), or they eat a meal at home that has come out of cans.

Recent examples of the canning art are tins of sliced boiled beetroot, tinned scrambled eggs, and tinned baked apples. Even cabbage is tinned, and people living in the country villages of America, with fruit and vegetables growing all around them, will eat meat, fish, vegetables, and fruit out of cans week in and week out rather than go to the bother of cooking them!

## THE OUTCASTES AT THE CROSS ROADS

### India Faces a Social Revolution

The solving of India's political problems is difficult because of her vast size and her immense variety of races and religion.

The task, however, becomes still more difficult when we have to deal with a whole mass of 52 million people who have had no social privileges in the past. What is their position going to be in the future?

The outcastes resent the term which denotes an inferior position, nor are they willing any more to be considered Untouchable. Mr Gandhi has been making frantic efforts for the last four years to change the outlook of the Hindus toward these people. He holds that, as they belong to the land of India, they should find a place of equality within the Hindu fold. They must have free entry into the temples and be allowed to use the village wells, and go to school like anybody else.

### Mr Gandhi's Advice

The Hindus, on the other hand, are divided, and not even Mr Gandhi has been able to unite them. The orthodox ones refuse to admit the outcastes (who are descendants of the aboriginal tribes) into their social system, while the progressives are following Mr Gandhi's lead and would like to see the Untouchable stigma removed.

Mr Gandhi has been giving advice to the outcastes also. He has suggested that they should give up the habits of eating and drinking and insanitary living from which Untouchability came into being.

The outcastes are finding that there are some Hindus who are prepared to give them an uplifting chance, but the orthodox elements are still very powerful. They see very little hope of a square deal within the Hindu religion.

For the last quarter of a century the Christian Church has been offering opportunities to these people, and by insistence on the principle that in Christianity there is no Jew or Gentile, no bond or free, no Brahmin or outcaste, it has attracted nearly four millions within its frontiers. The outcastes have been turning to Christianity at the rate of 120,000 a year. Many men in India's public life, as doctors, lawyers, judges, and administrators, coming from the outcastes, owe their position to their membership of the Christian Church.

### How To Help the Untouchables

Mohammedanism also offers a great brotherhood, but has not in the past worried about these people.

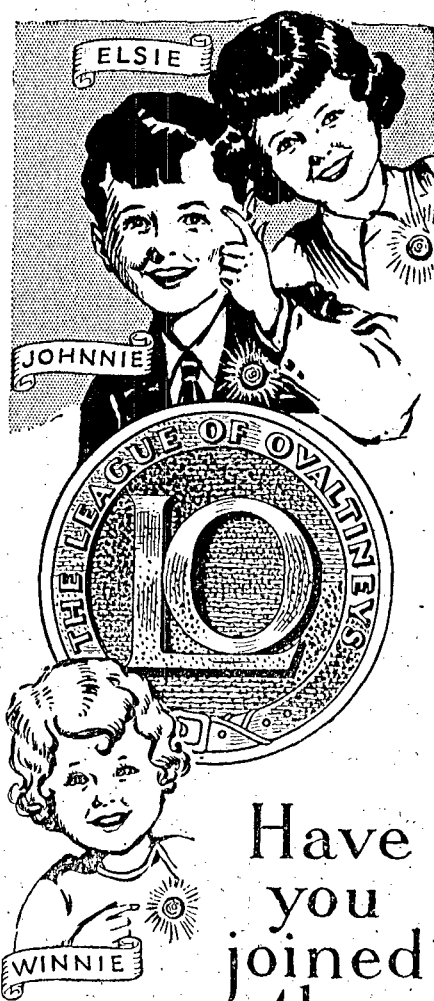
The political future of India will depend on the harmony between the various sections, and the outcastes are today wondering which way they should look for their salvation. The way to help these unfortunate people is first of all to admit their human rights as citizens and offer them the highest possible service of economic freedom and education.

The Christian Church has a great advantage, as it can always call upon the cooperation of men and women of idealism and goodwill to offer their services on behalf of those who in the past have been downtrodden and oppressed. This service should be rendered with the primary desire to help them to a better life.

Berlin is to have the biggest aerodrome in the world, with room for 121 planes.

A new tube railway for the East End of London is to be built at a cost of £750,000 a mile, a saving of £250,000 compared with the first tubes.

Last year a hundred thousand people signed the Visitors Books at the war graves in France.



Have you joined the

## League of Ovaltineys?

ANY boy or girl who has not yet joined the League of Ovaltineys is missing lots of fun. There are secret high-signs, signals, and a mysterious code. Then there is the handsome bronze badge, which thousands of boys and girls are now wearing.

Elsie, Johnnie and Winnie—those popular Ovaltineys—will be happy to welcome you into the League.

## FILL UP THE APPLICATION FORM BELOW

On receipt of the form below, the Chief Ovaltiney will send you the official Rulebook and tell you how to get your bronze badge. Send the form in an open envelope (2d. stamp).

## POST THIS TO-DAY!

To the **CHIEF OVALTINEY**,  
184, Queen's Gate,  
London, S.W.7.

I wish to become a member of the League of Ovaltineys. Please send me, free, the official Rulebook of the League

Name.....

..... Age.....

Address.....

Children's  
Newspaper, 11.4.36

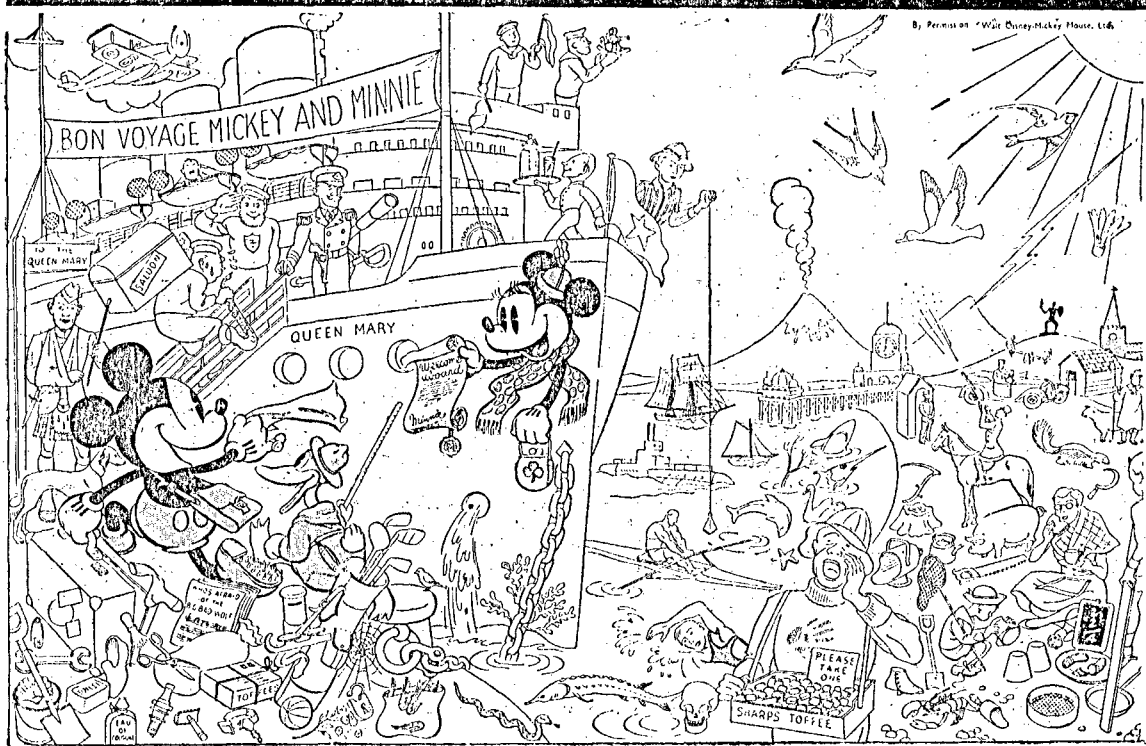
(Write in **BLOCK** letters)

# Closing April 15!

SHARP'S  
SPOT THE S'S  
CONTEST

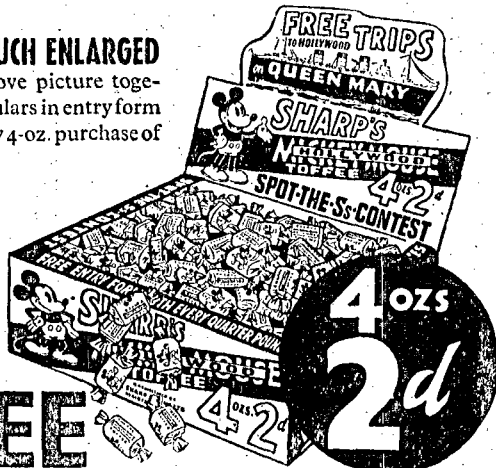
## FREE TRIP FOR TWO THERE AND BACK TO HOLLYWOOD ON R.M.S. QUEEN MARY . . OR £500

HOW MANY OBJECTS CAN YOU FIND IN THIS PICTURE BEGINNING WITH "S"?



Second prize in this great competition is a 10 h.p. Ford car. The third is a 26 guinea Philips Radiogram. There are 20 Coventry Challenge Bicycles; 250 Wrist Watches and 500 7 lb. boxes of Sharp's Mickey Mouse Toffee—the latest thing in toffee—the grandest, most delicious sweet you ever tasted.

**THIS PICTURE MUCH ENLARGED**  
Enlargement of above picture together with full particulars in entry form given free with every 4-oz. purchase of



# SHARP'S

## MICKEY MOUSE TOFFEE

HOLLYWOOD

## FLIGHTS THAT THRILLED THE WORLD!

### MOLLISON

—First Lone Flyer from England to America!

Many of those who watched Jim Mollison's departure from Ireland in 1932 must have wondered, as his heavily-laden plane disappeared in the low-lying mist, whether the intrepid young pilot would ever be seen again. Just over 24 hours later he was sighted over Nova Scotia—a miraculously fast Atlantic crossing, carried out without even the safeguard of wireless apparatus!

MODERN BOY tells you more about this flight in a grand article you must read! Order your copy now.

Jim Mollison  
broadcasting the  
story of his lone  
Atlantic crossing.



# MODERN <sup>2d</sup> BOY

On Sale Thursday, April 9th,  
at all Newsagents.

## THE Q CAMP

### Young Failures Will Be Welcome

A plan is on foot to make a camp for young men who are failures.

So valuable has the work of the Grith Fyrd camps proved that their promoters and others are trying to find the money for a camp to which probation officers, magistrates, and others could send young men who need special help.

They will be called Q Camps, suggesting the quest for success in place of failure, and the ages of entry are from 17 to 25. Freedom for the development of personality will be the basis of work, but to be of real value the youth should stay for months, two years being the ideal time. A paid staff as well as voluntary leaders will be needed, and the promoters wish to establish their camp in the country not far from London so that medical psychologists can be easily consulted when needed.

It is hoped to start the first camp this spring, but £2000 must first be found.

The office of the Appeal Committee is 81 Wimpole Street, W1.

## SOMETHING WRONG IN THE POST OFFICE

It is a few weeks now since we received from friends in New Zealand a series of their magnificent Christmas Annuals.

Our eyes caught the postage stamps, and we could hardly believe them. Each of these big issues only cost a penny to come halfway across the world.

When we returned the compliment we had to buy a 4d stamp for an illustrated paper of equal weight.

Moreover, we find that this anomaly must continue until 1939, when it may be put right at the International Postal Union meeting, which fixed these rates for this country, the Dominions, and foreign lands belonging to it at the last meeting some years ago.

New Zealand was then more alive to the value of cheap postage than we were, and obtained permission from the Union to send her newspapers to this country at a cheap rate provided they were sent by the all-sea route.

It is strange that it should cost 2½d to send a paper like The Times to New Zealand when their huge Christmas Annuals can be sent here for a penny. The C.N., for once, has the advantage over The Times, for it can be posted anywhere for a halfpenny.

## ERMINE

Even a king can scarcely hope to bring about reforms in advance of public opinion, but in the knowledge that every word spoken against a cruelty helps to end it we print this letter from a number of schoolgirls in Oxford.

DEAR C.N.,

We are greatly concerned by a newspaper account that ermine prices are already booming in anticipation of the Coronation next year.

We understand that the trapping of ermine is very cruel and causes intense suffering to the animals.

Would it be possible to appeal to our King to put down this cruel thing?

We read that when His Majesty was a small boy he was concerned with the welfare of animals, and that when he became king he would "stop the docking of horses' tails and stop all sin." Also we read with great interest the beautiful story of his visit to the Seventh Man.

In spite of all the good work that is being done for animals by many societies we feel very sad that there is still so much cruelty in the world (though it is rather hidden perhaps) and that we can do so little to help. Please do what you can to bring the matter before His Majesty; we know of no other way to make our voices heard. A Few of Your Readers



# THE SLEUTH DETECTOR

A Wireless Story

By John Mowbray

## CHAPTER 11

### Up Hill and Down Dale

WITH Toby on the driving board behind the shafts and Noel dangling his legs from the doorway at the back the caravan was plodding its way along a valley.

They had been on the road for some eight hours already, and now were following the course of the river to mount the hill which would drop them into the next dale, where they hoped to camp for the night in one of the farmyards.

Now Noel heard the kettle beginning to sing on its spirit-stand, so he dropped from his perch and went trotting round to the shafts. "Toby! Tea!" he announced. "Tea, Toby! Pull up!"

They took their tea by the roadside while Ambrose stood dozing.

"Toby, when do you reckon we shall reach the enemy's country?"

"Enemy's country! That's good!" Toby laughed. "But we may find it jolly well too true for our liking, unless we look out," he continued gravely. "Meg wasn't far wrong when she said Sir Pascal wouldn't stick at much if he thought we were shoving our fingers into his pie. If he's up to some tricks he's playing for a big stake, Noel, so he wouldn't stick at much—he couldn't afford to—to prevent your showing him up."

Noel had never seen his friend so serious before nor heard him speak with such earnestness. But all he replied was, "You haven't answered my question."

"It isn't easy, old man. Sir Pascal owns such a lot of country round here that, for all I know, we may be on his land now. But we've such a lot of winding and climbing to do that I don't think we'll get to Epton much before midday tomorrow."

"When we pitch our camp near The Towers—the nearer the better."

"I think we can manage that. In summertime lots of Boy Scouts come camping round Epton. We're too early for them yet, but I know their procedure."

"What's that?"

"Sir Pascal doesn't want to be bothered with them. So they go to his land-agent for permission to camp. They always get it as a matter of course. The agent doesn't have to consult Sir Pascal."

"Which will suit us down to the ground!" declared Noel.

They found the agent's house half a mile beyond Epton next morning, standing well back from the road behind a wall. Unable to leave the caravan by itself, there was nothing for it but to take it and Ambrose along with them. So they proceeded up a long, open drive between a number of flower beds and a wired-off tennis court, straight on to the broad sweep of steps in front of the house beneath a glass veranda supported on pillars.

Watching their approach from the head of these steps, with his hands in the pockets of a black velvet jacket, stood a curly-headed man with a gingery moustache. A little dog joined him while Toby was stating their business, and after making excited leaps at his knees trotted busily down the steps for a good look at Ambrose. Then, when Toby had finished, the man silently beckoned them in, and preceded by the dog, which had dashed up the steps again, they crossed a paved hall, half museum and half armoury, so decked it was with the primitive weapons of dead-and-gone savages, to a room hung with maps and a coloured print of an urchin with a skewed cricket bat informing one and all that he was the hope of his side. It had occurred to Toby that his side would not stand a great chance unless their crack could hold his bat a bit straighter, when his attention was reclaimed by Mr Walton, who, without sitting down or removing his hands from his side pockets, demanded gruffly what they meant by bringing their circus up his drive.

"The road was too narrow to leave it outside, sir," sighed Toby.

"Oh, don't apologise," observed Mr Walton, surveying them through bluish-grey eyes not devoid of a twinkle. "Get down, Joy! Can't you!" he broke off to entreat his dog. "I was merely about to remark," he continued to Noel, "that that steed of yours appears a bit on the starved side. Eh, Joy?" Mr Walton chuckled gently, fond of his joke.

This looked promising. But his next words shattered their hopes.

"No, I'm very sorry. I can't give you leave," he pronounced.

Their faces fell.

"Oh, but please, sir," Toby ejaculated.

"It isn't as if you were under canvas, you see; your caravan will take up a lot of room."

"Oh, hardly much more than a tent, sir!" Toby protested.

"And that great fat horse!" Mr Walton was shaking his head. "He'll be nibbling all the tender shoots off my hedges."

"He's been very well brought up, sir!" Toby declared.

Mr Walton snorted. "Well brought up!" he repeated. "I suppose he lives in a nursery with a hot bottle! When did you cut his hair last? Why don't you comb him?"

"He doesn't like his hair cut," Toby said gravely. "He can't stand the sound of clippers, sir. He's peculiar."

"Peculiar! By George, I should think he was!" scoffed Mr Walton. "He's the most peculiar quadruped I've ever seen! Eh, Joy? Have you ever seen a more terrible steed?"

The dog called Joy, who was hardly a beauty herself, being quite enough on the plump side and certainly poddling, jumped up to her master and yapped out a scandalous "Never!"

"There you are!" affirmed Mr Walton. "I'd back Joy's word any day. Moreover, my lads, you are too early. You must wait till the hay's cut."

"We won't do any damage, sir," they assured him.

He removed his hands from his side pockets for the first time, brought out a pipe, charged it with tormenting slowness, and, after using three or four matches to get it well going, he surrounded himself with a cloud of smoke. Then through this smoke they perceived his eyes twinkling again.

"All right," he was uttering. "Make your way to Flash Lane. At the bottom of the lane you'll find a grass meadow with a clump of trees and a round pond at the far end. You can camp there. The pond will be handy. Just mention that I've given you leave if you're asked, and if you damage the hedges look out for trouble."

They asked if Ambrose might crop the grass in the meadow.

Mr Walton laughed. "Yes, we'll stand him that," he replied. Then, after fetching a couple of apples for Ambrose, he escorted them forth with his little dog leading the way.

They soon found Flash Lane, so called, they were told by the villager who directed them, because during the Civil War a large party of Royalists had been scattered there "in a flash" by a handful of Cromwell's Ironsides. Then leaving the lane for the meadow they jogged across the grass and drew up under the clump of trees by the round pond. Close behind the trees rose a high thickset hedge, the hedge between themselves and the lane being both tall and thick also.

"We couldn't have picked out a cosier spot," pronounced Noel, as he pointed to the fields on their other side. "See! There isn't a single cottage or house in sight, Toby!"

"No. We'll do here," grinned Toby.

Having backed the caravan close up to the trees they took Ambrose out of the shafts, and Noel unharnessed him and gave him a drink at the pond.

"You are going to be groomed by your kind Uncle Noel," he told Ambrose, "who'll see that you're jolly well curry-combed night and morning. And you won't get wet, old boy, if it rains in the night, because we've brought along a tarpaulin which we're going to rig across from a branch to the caravan's roof. So you'll sleep beneath a swaggy canopy."

## CHAPTER 12

### Nothing Venture Nothing Win

NOEL spent that afternoon in spying out the land while Toby kept house. He returned before dusk, and presently, over their sausages, "Now I'll tell you what I've done," he began. "I've been practically all round The Towers, north, east, south, and west."

"You snorter!" gaped Toby.

"Don't give me a swollen head," smiled Noel, beginning to rub the palms of his hands together, as he often did when anything pleased him particularly. "But wait till you've heard the rest, Toby. After I'd taken a good squint at the lodge gates and the drive from the road I followed the wall of the park to its end, and then, as soon as a couple of wagons had gone creaking past, I said to myself, Here we go, Noel! and I shinned over the wall and dodged along through the park till I found a thumping great tree, and I said, Now for a little bird's-nesting, Noel, my lad! and up I went to the branch at the very top."

Continued on page 14



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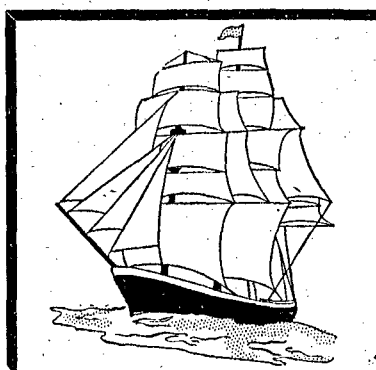
**DON'T FORGET!** Rowntree's Mixed Fruit Clear Gums (Hard) and Mixed Fruit Pastilles (Medium) are sold loose 6d. per ¼ lb., and in packets, 2d., 3d. and 6d. Blackcurrant flavour alone, loose 6d. per ¼ lb., and in packets 2d. and 6d.

Then there are Juicy-Fruits (Soft)—Mixed Fruit Flavours only—which are sold at 6d. per ¼ lb. loose, or in packets 6d.



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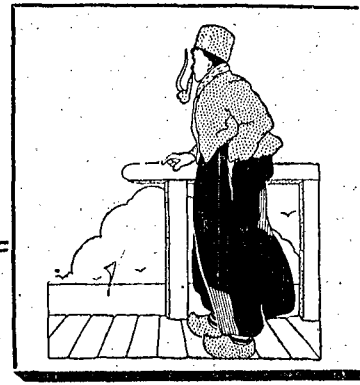
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Continued from page 13

"But there wouldn't be any birds' nests up there!" gaped Toby.

His expedition, the very fact of being up and doing, had revived Noel's spirits enormously. He let out a ringing laugh. "No, of course not, you old juggins. But I went up there for a bird's-eye view of the house. I saw the whole lay-out, the grounds and everything, Toby, pretty nearly as well as you could have done from an aeroplane!"

"You weren't afraid of being spotted?"

"Up the tree? No, not much! When I'd come down I did see one or two gardeners, but I'm fairly sure they didn't twig me," Noel responded. "So having taken my bearings from the tree-top—yes, it swayed a bit (I felt rather like hush-a-bye baby!)—I was able to slip along to the back of the kitchen gardens, and then I worked round to some stabling that had been turned into places for cars. Four little motor-car houses all in a row, Toby!"

He rubbed the palms of his hands together once more.

"Very well! There they were: three little car houses with their sliding doors closed, and one with its doors wide open, no car inside it. But the fun was that the car hadn't gone from the yard. There it stood on the asphalt after a cleaning—"

"Do you mean to say no one was with it?" Toby exclaimed.

"The man who'd been cleaning the car had gone in to his tea, I think. He'd left his things all over the place. There was no one about but a cat, and it didn't mind; it came and rubbed itself against my legs and mewed, very pally. Then it said—"

"The cat did!"

"Yes, of course it did. I understand cats' talk. Directly I hear a cat mew I know what it's saying. It's like the lions in Kenya," Noel broke off. "Before my father died I was going through the Bush with him once and we ran plump into a yellow lioness squatting across the track with a little tawny cub on each side of her. She didn't roar or spring up, as you might have expected. But she just stretched out her front paws a little further and uttered a hoarse sort of mewing sound. She was asking us to stop. 'She's hurt,' said my father. 'She's saying, 'leave my cubs alone, please. I can't move them out of your road.'"

"And was she hurt?"

"Oh, yes. We went back and watched. Then she struggled up, very painfully, the tiny cubs trying to help her. She had damaged one of her back legs. 'I told you so,' said my father, as she limped off. He'd a gun with him, of course, but he hadn't unslung it. You always had to carry a gun in that Bush."

"Then your father might have bagged the cubs if he'd wished?"

Noel looked horrified. "By shooting their mother!" he cried. "But he'd never do that. The lioness wouldn't have gone for us anyhow, Toby, not unless we had gone for her first, or unless she was starving. No, it's leopards and bad-tempered beasts that you carry your gun for."

"I see," uttered Toby, smiling. "Well, what did the cat say?"

Noel returned his smile. "The cat said, 'Do you recognise that car that's just been swabbed down?' I scratched its tabby head for it and said, 'Don't I just! It's the very same car I drove to the golf links in yesterday!' You remember it, Toby?"

"By golly!" Toby exclaimed. "You were right then, old man!"

"Of course I was right," Noel responded in the calmest of tones. "I said that fellow came from Sir Pascal."

"Well, Meg and I didn't dispute it," said Toby resentfully.

"No, I know you didn't. But I wanted proof. I've got it. It's as plain as a pike-staff that Sir Pascal isn't playing straight."

Toby speared the last of the sausages out of the frying-pan and offered it on the point of his fork to his friend. "Well," he observed, as Noel was shaking his head, "what you lack in appetite you make up in nerve! I never heard of such nerve as the way you spied round The Towers! If anyone had caught you you'd have been in for it!"

Noel grinned.

"Nothing venture nothing win," he returned. "But take a good look at me. Have you noticed that I'm wearing these corduroy bags which I borrowed before we started from one of your gardener's lads? And what price this neckchief and this jacket, old boy!"

So saying, he displayed the red handkerchief knotted round his neck, and a Norfolk jacket that might almost have come off a scarecrow.

TO BE CONTINUED

## DANGER to LONDON

WHEN communicating with advertisers, it is to your advantage to mention that you saw the announcement in the columns of THE CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER.

would be irremediable, and loss to the poor irreparable, if the existing large body of Christian and Social Workers were TO LEAVE THEIR POSTS of service in East London. Therefore, please assist us to maintain all our spiritual and philanthropic efforts to increase good citizenship. Our work is carried on from 7 East End Centres. Kindly respond to the Rev. Percy Ineson, EAST END MISSION, Central Hall, Bromley St., Commercial Rd., London, E.1

## JACKO IN A HURRY

FATHER JACKO was not in the best of tempers.

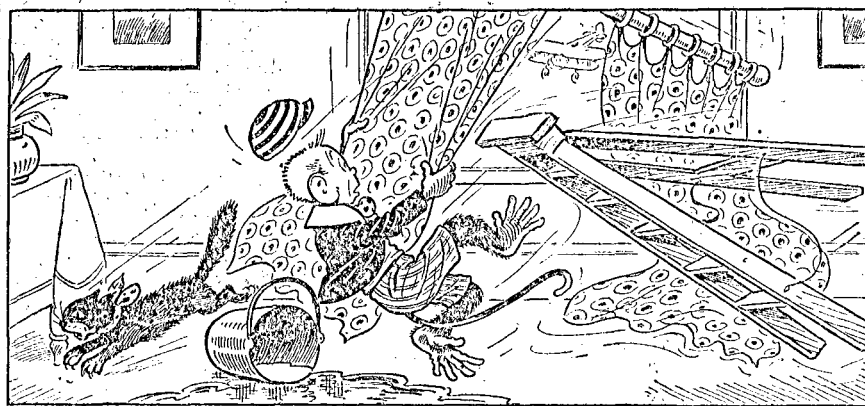
He never was at spring-cleaning time. He hated the house being upset, and never ceased declaring it was just a Spring madness of Mother's, with no sense in it at all.

Mother Jacko didn't exactly enjoy it herself, but she had such a passion for

And his mother, sighing at her rashness, agreed. "Unhook them carefully," she said, "and see that you don't tear them."

"Righto!" promised Jacko, springing up.

Mounted on the top step he had a good view of the fields. As he looked his eye caught sight of a big aeroplane coming steadily toward the house. It



He jumped forward and—crash!

cleanliness that she couldn't rest till she had turned out the whole house from top to bottom.

"Any jobs, Mater?" Jacko asked.

"No, thank you," replied his mother. "You will help me most by keeping out of the way."

But Father Jacko said, "Quite right, my lad; help you mother whenever you can."

Mother Jacko opened her mouth, but shut it again without speaking and went off into the kitchen. She came back carrying the steps, which she set up before the parlour windows.

Jacko knew what that meant. "I'll take the curtains down!" he cried.

came nearer, and then, to Jacko's delight, "looped the loop" twice and made off. Jacko was thrilled. He watched it until it was almost out of sight; then, suddenly, "Coo! It's coming back again," he cried.

It was. It came on until it reached the meadow behind the house, and then began to behave very strangely.

"What's the matter?" muttered Jacko. Was it in trouble? Was it going to land? Or was it just doing stunts? He must go and see.

Forgetting where he was he jumped forward and—crash! The next moment he was lying on the floor with the steps on the top of him.

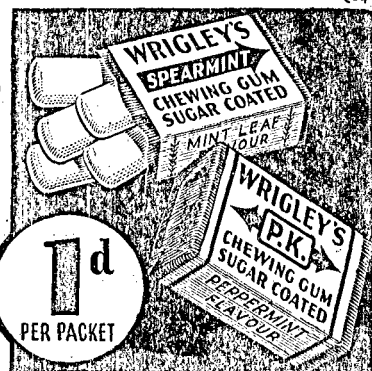
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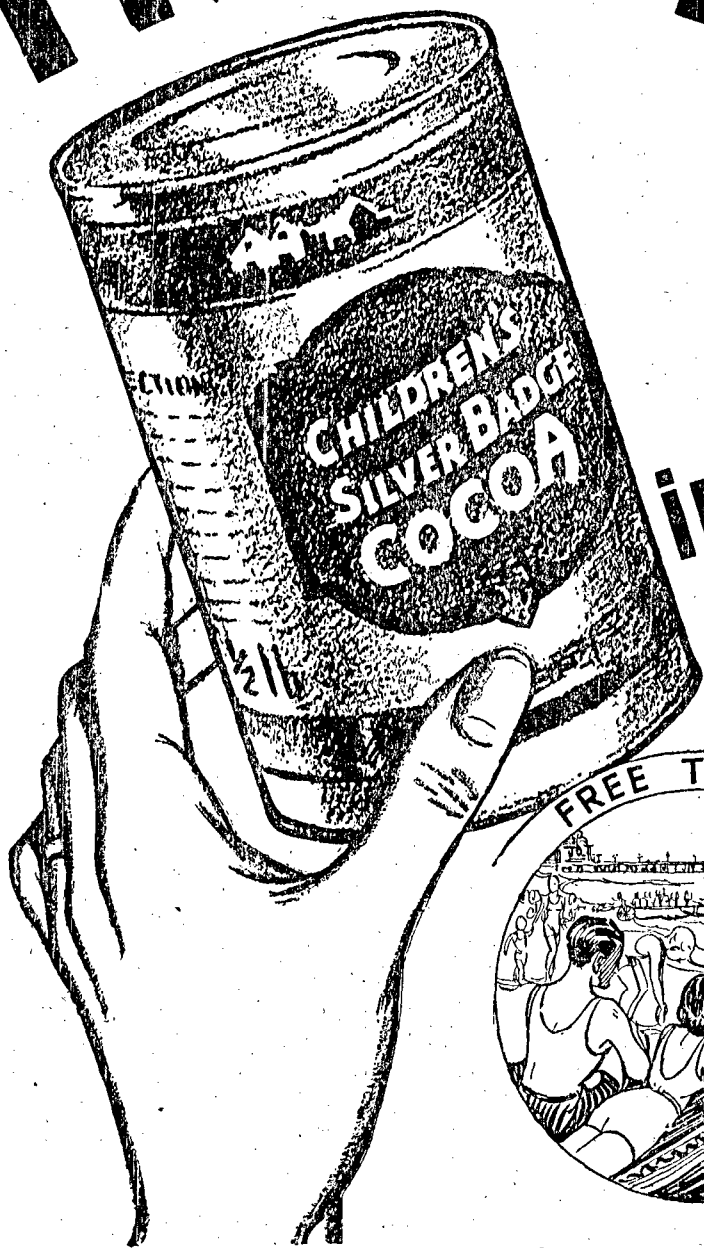
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## THE BRAN TUB

### Riddle in Rhyme

HE went to the wood and caught it,  
He sat him down and sought it;  
Because he could not find it,  
Home with him he brought it.

Answer next week

### This Week in Nature

THE first broods of young song thrushes are beginning to leave their nests. They forage for food, and at this period of the year live on slugs, snails, insects, and worms. When the young thrushes can feed properly the parent birds leave them and build another nest.

### Do You Know This?

WHAT has eyes but cannot wink,  
Cannot see, and cannot blink?  
"Tell me what it is," you cry.  
"A potato," I reply.

### Jci On Parle Français



la tente un éclaireur le couteau  
tent scout knife

Cette tente appartient aux éclaireurs. Jean est très fier de son grand couteau.

This tent belongs to the Boy Scouts. John is very proud of his big knife.

### According To Instructions

THE mistress entered the kitchen hurriedly.  
"Weren't you told to watch when the milk boiled over?" she said.  
"I did, ma'am," replied the maid.  
"It was just half-past nine."

### Riddles of All Trades

OF what trade is the Prime Minister?  
What trade never turns to the left?  
What trade is more than full?  
Of what trade can it be said that all its members are men of letters?  
Of what trade is a little tin dog?  
What trade is best fitted to cook a hare?  
Answers next week

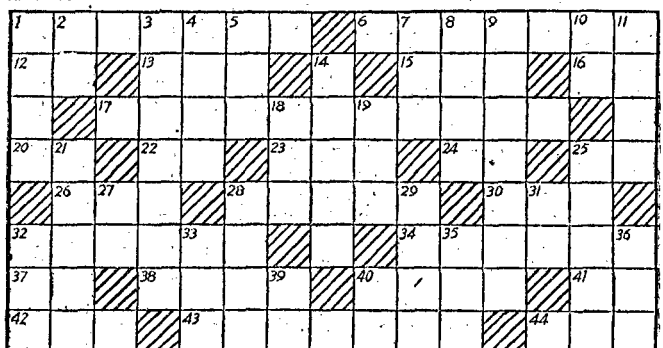
### Railways as Steamship Owners

IT is not generally realised that British railways are large shipowners. The four big companies own between them 140 steamships having an aggregate gross tonnage of 182,573. These vessels form the chief links with the Continent, Ireland, the Channel Islands, the Western Isles of Scotland, the Isle of Wight, and so on.

## The CN Cross Word Puzzle

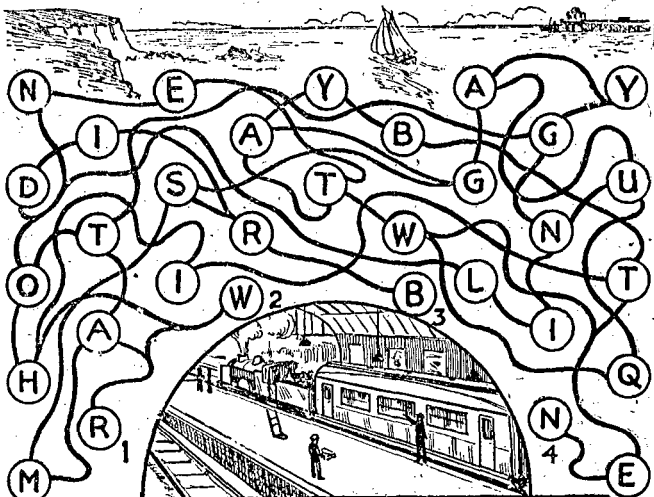
Abbreviations are indicated by asterisks among the clues below. Answer next week

Reading Across. 1. Recompenses. 6. To fetter. 12. Exclamation of surprise. 13. A kind of deer. 15. Before. 16. Old Testament. 17. Father's father. 20. Father. 22. A printer's measure. 23. Tree often found in churchyards. 24. Denotes contiguity. 25. Above and touching. 26. An illuminant. 28. Exchanges for money. 30. A line. 32. To give. 34. One who is uncommonly wise. 37. Same as 25. 38. To barter. 40. Uttered by word of mouth. 41. For example. 42. Devoured. 43. Repeat performances. 44. Please turn over.



Reading Down. 1. A sloping way from one level to another. 2. An intersection expressive of doubt. 3. Detains. 4. To wander. 5. An animal's lair. 7. Objective case of She. 8. Vacant ground. 9. Pertaining to the centre. 10. Behold. 11. Famous public school. 14. A turn of work. 18. A stain. 19. Used for making holes in leather. 21. One who is entrusted with the business of another. 25. A young owl. 27. For instance. 28. Large long-necked swimming bird. 29. Painful. 31. Officer Commanding. 32. A big snake. 33. To be in debt. 35. Royal Astronomical Society. 36. What I stands for. 39. Privy Councillor. 40. A conjunction.

## Can You Find the Way To the Seaside?



START from the numbered letters near the railway station and trace along the lines to spell four place-names. They are the names of four popular English seaside resorts of which poster stamps will be given away with every copy of next week's CN. Answer next week

### Hidden Names

THE names of ten musical instruments are hidden in this puzzle square. Most of them are used in any good orchestra, but one or two are solo instruments. Some orchestras use these too. The names are hidden by spelling them partly down the square. They run just the two ways: across and down.

M O C L G T H  
A V I A O R I  
N D O R R U M  
P B L I N E P  
I A A G U T E  
C N J O I T T  
C O L O N A R

Answer next week

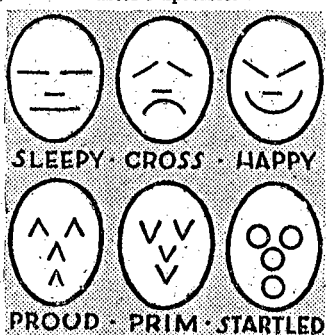
### Mistaken

AS soon as the dear old couple from the country were shown through a doorway in the hotel they protested.

"We couldn't possibly exist in a silly little room like this. Why, it hasn't even a window."

"Beg your pardon, sir," said the boy in buttons; "this is not your room: it's the lift."

### Easter Expressions



A FEW suggestions for simple decorations for your Easter eggs.

### Skeleton Proverbs

PUT in the missing letters and these sentences will form well-known proverbs.

H-n-s-y-s-h-b-s-p-l-c.  
H-w-o-o-s-b-r-o-i-g-o-s-s-r-o-i-g.  
A-t-t-h-n-i-c-a-e-n-n.  
F-i-t-e-r-n-v-r-o-f-i-l-d.

Answers next week

### The Wise Old Owl

A WISE old owl lived in an oak,  
The more he saw, the less he spoke;  
The less he spoke, the more he heard.  
Why can't we all be like that bird?

### Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening Mars is low in the West and Neptune is in the South. In the morning Jupiter is in the South-West. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 7.30 a.m. on Tuesday, April 14.



### LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Divided Word. Be-am.

What Are These Places? Llandudno, Scarborough, Eastbourne, Skegness.

Part of the Body. Hand I Cap—Handicap.

Sixteen Birds. Parrot, pigeon, owl, starling, lark, crow, curlew, swallow, bittern, plover, sparrow, razorbill, flamingo, condor, finch, crane.

Hidden Flowers. Petunia, peony, pansy, tulip, lupin, delphinium, phlox, rose, aster, dahlia.

### Tales Before Bedtime

## One Good Turn

SMUT had run to the very top of the plane tree which grew on the edge of the pavement outside Reggie's home.

She was only a small kitten, and easily frightened. She always ran away when the dustmen came to empty the dustbin, though they used to call to her that they would not hurt her. Smut clung to the frail branch and mewed pitifully. Reggie had been looking for her, and the cry told him what had happened.

"Come down, Smut!" said Reggie encouragingly; but the kitten was too frightened.

"If the window-cleaners came along I could borrow one of their long ladders," thought Reggie.

He walked along the street, and when he reached the main road he saw two men with a high platform on wheels. They were working on the overhead electric cables.

"That would be just the thing!" thought Reggie. "I wonder if they would come up our street!"

He waited till the men had finished work, and was just trying to pluck up courage to make his request when the hat of one of the men was blown into the roadway. Reggie pounced on it, and was just in time to save it from being crushed under a motor-car.

"Thank you, young man! I'm much obliged," said the owner as he pulled it firmly down over his ears.

He had such a cheery face that Reggie felt bold enough to say, "If you're not too busy, I wonder if you'd lend me your platform for a minute or two!"

"Whatever for?" laughed the man.

"To get my kitten out of the tree," said Reggie, pointing over his shoulder.

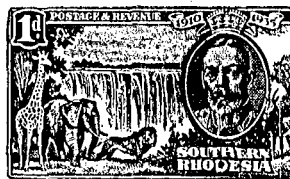
The workmen looked at each other. "One good turn deserves another," said the man whose hat had blown off. "Lead on, sonny, and show us the tree."

Reggie was only too glad to do so. The men pushed their platform under the tree, and Smut did not need to be told why it was there. Before Reggie was half-way up Smut was running down to meet him.

"Thank you very much," said Reggie.

"You're welcome," said the men. "We come this way most Fridays, so tell your cat if she wants to be sure of being rescued she must choose that day for her climbing."

But Smut was wise enough not to venture to the top of the plane tree again.



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